

THE SHEPHERDS

ORACLES



Written by J. Van Quarles.

London Printed for John Marriott and Richard Marriott &c. W.M. sculp

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THE
SHEPHEARDS
ORACLES:

DELIVERED

IN CERTAIN

Eglogues.

By FRAS. QUARLES.

L O N D O N,

Printed by M.F. for John Marriot and Richard Marriot, and
are to be sold at their shop in S. Dunstons Church-yard Fleet Street,
under the Dyall. 1646.

THE
SHEPHERDS



Lodge-Stickney fund

IN CERTAIN

Eglogues

BY FRANK QUARTER

LONDON

Printed by W. F. Long, 1, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.
and
sold by Messrs. George Bell and Sons, 5, Bedford Square, London, W.C. 1.

44-

To the Reader.

Reader,

THough the Author had some years before his lamented death, compos'd, review'd, and corrected these Eglogues; yet, he left no Epistle to the Reader, but onely a Title, and a blanke leaf for that purpose.

Whether he meant some Allegoricall exposition of the Shepheards names, of their Eglogues, is doubtfull: but 'tis certain, that as they are, they appear a perfect pattern of the Author; whose person, and mind, were both lovely, and his conversation such as distill'd pleasure, knowledge, and vertue, into his friends and acquaintance.

'Tis confess'd, these Eglogues are not so wholly divine as many of his publish'd Meditations, which speak his affections to be set upon things that are above, and yet even (such men have their intermitted howres, and (as their company gives occasion) commixtures of heavenly and earthly thoughts.

You are therefore request'd to fancy him cast by fortune into the company of some yet unknown Shepheards: and you have a liberty to believe 'twas by this following accident.

He in a Summers morning (about that howre when the great eye of Heaven first opens it selfe to give light to us mortals) walking a gentle pace towards a Brook (whose Spring-head was not far distant from his peacefull habitation) fitted with Angle, Lines, and Flies: Flies proper for that season (being the fruitful Mouth of May;) intending all diligence to beguile the tedious Trout, (with which that watry element abounded) observ'd a more then common concourse of Shepheards, all bending their unwearied steps towards a pleasant Meadow within his present prospect, and had his eyes made more happy to behold the two fair Shepheardesses Amarillis and Aminta, strewing the foot-paths with Lillies, and Ladysmocks, so newly gathered by their fair hands, that they yet smelt more sweet then the morning, and immediately met (attended with Clora, Clorinda, and many other Wood-nymphs) the fair and vertuous Parthenia: who after a courteous salutation and inquiry of his intended journey, told him that the neighbour-Shepheards of that part of Arcadia had dedicated that day to be kept holy to the honour of their great

To the Reader.

“God Pan; and, that they had designed her *Mistresse* of a Love-feast, which was to be kept that present day, in an *Arbour* built that morning, for that purpose; she told him also, that *Orpheus* would be there, and bring his *Harp*, *Pan* his *Pipe*, and *Titerus* his *Outen-reed*, to make musick at this feast; shee therefore perswaded him, not to lose, but change that dayes pleasure; before he could return an answer they were unawares entred into a lively moving Lane, made of *Shepheards* and *Pilgrimes*; who had that morning measured many miles to be eye-witnesses of that dayes pleasure; this Lane led them into a large *Arbour*, whose wals were made of the yeelding *Willow*, and smooth *Beech* boughs: and covered over with *Sycamore* leaves, and *Hony-suckles*. I might now tell in what manner (after her first entrance into this *Arbour*) *Philoclea* (*Philoclea* the fair *Arcadian* *Shepheardeste*) crown'd her *Temples* with a *Garland*, with what flowers, and by whom 'twas made; I might tell what guests (besides *Altea* and *Adonis*) were at this feast; and who (beside *Mercury*) waited at the *Table*, this I might tell: but may not, cannot expresse what musick the Gods and the *Wood-nymphs* made within, and the *Linits*, *Larks*, and *Nightingales* about this *Arbour*, during this holy day: which began in harmlesse mirth, and (for *Bacchus* and his gang were absent) ended in love and peace, which *Pan* (for he onely can doe it) continue in *Arcadia*, and restore to the disturbed *Island* of *Britannia*, and grant that each honest *Shepherd* may again sit under his own *Vine* and *Fig-tree*, and feed his owne flock, and with love enjoy the fruits of peace, and be more thankfull.

Reader, at this time and place, the *Author* contracted a friendship with certain single-hearted *Shepheards*: with whom (as he return'd from his *River-recreations*) he often rested himselfe, and whilst in the calm evening their flocks fed about them, heard that discourse, which (with the *Shepheards* names) is presented in these *Eglogues*.

A friend of the *Authors* wisht me to tell thee so,
this 23. of Novem. 1645.

JO: MARRIOT.

THE

THE
SHEPHERDS
ORACLES.

EGLOGUE I

{ Gallio. }
{ Britannus. }

H Eaven-blest *Britannus*; thou, whose Oaten Reed
Sings thy *True-Love*, whilst thy proud flocks doe
Secure about thee, on this fruitfull Brow: (feed
Above all Shepherds, & how blest art Thou!
Your fruitfull Pastures flourish and appeare
Fresh, and in perfect verdure all the yeare:
No Summers fire, nor Winters frost impair
Your thriving Plains, continuing fresh and faire,
And full of vigor, like th'Elysian Lay,
Where every season's like the month of May:
Your milke white Ewes enrich your peacefull grounds,
No snarles of Foxes, nor the yelps of Hounds

Disturb

Disturbe their quiet; whilst your sporting Lambs,
 With bended knees, draw blessings from their dams.
 How happy! O how more then all the rest,
 In the wide world are *Britaine* Shepherds blest!

BRIT.

True, *Gallio*, we poore Shepherds doe inherit
 A happinesse transcending farre our merit;
 We have no griefe, no misery but this,
 Senselesse we are, and blind to our owne Blisse:
 Goods without evils are oftentimes despis'd,
 And common happinesse is lowly priz'd:
 But tel me *Gallio*, make relation how
 Your pastures flourish, and what flocks have you:
 What kind of government doe you live under,
 That mak it our State the object of your wonder.

GALL.

Ah, gentle Shepherd, there, there lyes the Corne
 That wrings poore *Gallio's* toe: O! there's the throne
 That stings my bleeding heart. The sad relation
 Of our dyasters, will revive such passion
 In my spent bosome, that each wounding word
 Will prove a dagger, and each line a sword
 Come, sit thee downe beneath this shady Beech,
 And lend thine eare: Full hearts are eas'd by speech,
 I'll tell thee whilst thy busie flocks doe feed.

BRIT.

Wounds fester, Swaine, the lesse, the more they bleed;
 Speake freely then, and this sad heart of mine
 Shall comfort thee, or else shall bleed with thine.

GALL.

GALL.

Then, Shepherd, know : There was a time (alas !
My heart even faints to think that word, There was)
Wherein our fruitfull Pastures were as fair
As faithfull Shepherds, by their fervent pray'r,
Could make them, trench'd, and quickset round about,
Could neither Fox get in, nor Flocks get out :
Deep were the Trenches, and divinely fill'd
With living waters, waters that were still'd
In heavens great Limbeck, whose celestially power
Exceeds a strong beliefe ; but this short hower
We have to spend, can onely give a touch
In things of large discourse ; Onely thus much,
The German *Span* (nor yet your Britain *Bath*)
Hath not such vertue, as this water hath :
Now my *Britannus* needs me not to tell
How rare's the kernell, when so sweeter's the shell,
Amongst wise Shepherds is not often found
Costly inclosures, and a barren ground ;
No, no, *Britannus* ; the bright eye of day,
That in twelve measur'd howers, does survey
The moiety of this earth, did ne'er behold
More glorious Pastures : Nay, I dare be bold
(With awefull reverence to our great God *Pan*)
To say, that heaven could not devise on man
A Good we had not, nor augment our store
(If earth makes happy) with one blessing more :
Our flocks were faire, and fruitfull, and stood sound ;
Our grounds enricht them, they enricht the ground :
The Alpine mountaines could not boast nor show
So pure a whitenesse, white surpassing snow :

Our ub'rous Ewes were evermore supply'd
 With twins, attending upon either side,
 Whose milk-abounding bags did overflow:
 They fed our Lambs, and fill'd our dayry too:
 In those past daies our Shepherds knew not what
 Red-water meant; that common language, Rott,
 Was neither fear'd, nor knowne; nor did they feare
 That heart-confounding name of Massacre:
 There was no putrid Scabbe to exercise
 The malice of the maggot-blowing flies,
 Whose Prince, *Belzebub*, (if report be true)
 Breath'd forth his loud Retreat, and raging drew
 His buzzing Army thence; and, for a time,
 Led them to forage in another Clime;
 And, to conclude, no Shepherds ere did keep
 More thriving grounds, nor grounds, more dainty sheep:
 O my *Britannus*, in those halcyon daies,
 Our jolly Shepherds thirsted after praise,
 Not servill wages; They were, then, ambitious
 Of Fame; whose flocks should be the most auspicious;
 Who, by most care, should most encrease their fold;
 They hunted after faire report, not Gold:
 They were good Shepherds, & they lov'd their sheep,
 Watch'd day and night: One eye would never sleep:
 Small Cottages would serve their turnes; That day
 Knew no such things as Robes: A Shepherds gray
 Would cloath their backs: for being homely drest, (best)
 Their sheep, whose fleece they wore, would know them
 They were good Shepherds; seldome durst they feed
 On Cares, or drink the Juice that does proceed
 From dangerous vines, for feare the fumes should steep
 Their braines too much, and they neglect their sheep:
 They

They were good Shepherds; these would every day
Twice tell their flocks, and, then, at night, convey
A secret blessing, got by fervent prayer,
Into their peacefull bosomes unaware: (downe
They were good Shepherds; They would even lay
Their dearest lives, nay more, the eternall crowne
Of promis'd Immortality, to keep
Their lambs from danger, and preserve their sheep:
But now, ah! now, those precious daies are done
With us poore Shepherds: ah! those times are gone,
Gone like our joyes, and never to returne:
Our joyes are gone, and we left here to mourne:
Let this relation of those times of old,
Suffice; the rest were better be untold.

B R I T.

My dearest *Gallio*, had it pleased heaven,
I wish no farther matter had been given
To thy discourse: it would have pleas'd mine eare,
And eas'd thy tongue t'have pitcht thy period here;
But since our God that can doe nothing ill,
Hath sent a Change, we must submit our will;
What he hath made the subject of thy story,
Feare not to tell; his ends are his owne glory:
There's nothing constant here; the States of Kings,
As well as Shepherds, are but tickle things:
Good daies, on earth, continue but a while;
We must have vinegar as well as oyle:
There must be rubs; can earth admit all levell?
The hist'ry of a State is good and evill.
Speake then my *Gallio*, this attentive eare
Cannot heare worse then 'tis prepar'd to heare.

GALL.

Know'st thou *Britannus*, what, in daies of old,
 Our great God *Pan*, by Oracle foretold
 Of that brave City (whose proud buildings stood
 As firme as earth, till stain'd with Shepherds blood)
 That there's a time should come, wherein not one
 Should live to see a stone upon a stone?
 And is not, now, that prophecy made good? (stood?
 Growes not grasse there, where these proud buildings
 Nay, my *Britannus*, what concernes us more,
 Did not that Oracle, in times of yore,
 Threaten to send his Foxes from their Holds,
 Into our Vines: and Wolves into our Folds:
 To breake our fences, and to make a way
 For the wilde Boare to ramble, and to preye
 Where ere he pleas'd? O gentle Shepherd, thus,
 Thus that prophetick evill's made good in us:
 Our Hedge is broken, and our Pastures yeeld
 But slender profit: All's turn'd common-field:
 Our Trenches are fill'd up: our crystall Springs
 Are choak'd with Earth, and Trash, and baser things:
 Our Shepherds are growne Plough-men all, and now
 Our generous *Crooke* is turn'd a crooked *Plough*:
 Shepherds build Halls, and carry Princely ports,
 Their *Woolles* are chang'd to *Silks*; their *Cotts* to *Courts*:
 They must have hospitable Barnes to keep
 Riot on foot: no matter now for *Sheep*,
 Turne them to graze upon the common Fallows,
 Whilst the luxurious Shepherd swills, and wallows
 In his owne vomit: Having swallowed down
 Goblets of wine, he snorts in bed of Down,

Whilst

Whilst his poore Lambs, his poore neglected Lambs
Bend fruitlesse knees before their milkleffe Dams:
Nay, my *Britannus*, now these pamper'd Swaines
Are grown so idle, that they think it paines
To sheare their fleeces: No, they must be pickt
And rins'd in *holy water*, (they are strict
To touch defiled things) must be presented
Upon the knee, as if they had repented
Their service, and for which they must deserve,
But what? A Dispensation now to serve.

B R I T.

But stay, my *Gallio*, let not my attention
Too farre exceed my slower apprehension;
'Tis better manners to interrupt, then heare
Things serious with an ill-instructed eare:
Make me conceiue your forain acceptation
Of that ambiguous word of *Dispensation*.

G A L I O.

It is a term that forain Shepherds use
Too much, (I was about to say, abuse.)
In elder times, when Pastors took delight
To feed their flocks, and not their appetite,
It was a word exprest (now fallen asleep
To that true sense) A feeding of the sheep:
But now 'tis alrer'd, and it does appeare
Differing as much, as they from what they were:
And if your gentle patience will excuse it,
A word too much shall tell you how they use it:
In times of yore the pious minded Swaine

B 3

Finding

Finding base Sodomy, and Incest raigne
 In looser brests, taught their obedient Sheep
 T'observe those lawes that Goats refus'd to keep,
 Forbidding Twins to couple, and the Rams
 To take a carnall knowledge of their Dams:
 To which intent it was their studious care
 To sever all such flocks as might not paire:
 So much those holy Swaines abominated
 Unnaturall Incest (as we find related)
 That even among their sheep they thought it good
 To punish such enormous crimes with blood,
 Not to be us'd for sacrifice, nor food:
 But now *Britannus*, times are grown more course,
 Declin'd from good to bad; from bad to worse:
 Those rules are broke by these licentious times,
 Lawes are esteem'd no Lawes, and crimes no crimes,
 'Tis true, our Rascall-sheep, whose fly-blown skin
 Hath lost her fleece, and brings no profit in,
 To such, the law continues firm and strict,
 On such the hand of justice does inflict
 The height of law; But those, whose fleecy loines
 Beare thriving burthens, there th'Edict injoines
 An easie penance: Sisters with their Brothers,
 And budding Rams may tup with their own Mothers:
 (O! where the sacred bell of profit rings,
 Murthers are merits, Rapes are veniall things)
 Such may transgresse their pleasures, such may doe
 Their lists, be incestuous with their Shepherd too.
 Such may have pardons for elapsed crimes,
 And cheape Indulgences for present times:
 Nay, more then that, a Twin-producing suiter
 Shall find a *Dispensation* for the future:

A liberty to sinne for yeares, or life, our Nation
(In a more shadow'd tearm) tearms *Dispensation*.

Monsters of monsters! & prodigious shame
To all mankind, and staine to Shepherds name!
I thought, our Shepherds had deserv'd the stile
Of bad, till now; and (to speake truth) a while,
Vpon the entrance of thy sad complaine,
I fear'd thy gamesome wit began to paine,
In shadow'd Scopticks, some that beare the Crooke
In our blest Island; to which end, I took
Vngranted leave to hinder your relation,
With a forc'd ignorance of *Dispensation*,
To feele thy bent; But now my jealous eares
Are made unhappy losers by their feares:
But tell me *Gallio*, (for the eye of heaven
Is yet unclos'd, and hath not quite made even
With earth), where graze thy flocks and to whose keep
Hast thou committed thy ablentd sheep?

GALL.
Nor dare, nor can I tell, unlesse thine eares
Will give me leave to mingle words with teares,
And teares with blood, and blood with saddest moanes;
And moanes with sobs, and sobs with deepest groanes:
O my *Britannus*, 'tis not yet two yeares
Twise fully told, since my abundant teares
Began to flow: I had, I had, till then,
The fairest flock that ever eye of man
Beheld, with envy; (ah! I had but few
My deare *Britannus*, if compar'd with you:)

But

But 'twas a thriving flock : for bone and fleece,
Arcadia, nor all the plaines in Greece
 Could shew the like : it was my onely grieve,
 That my report (exceeding all belife)
 Was counted *flattering* : when I made my boast,
 'Twas thought but my affections voice, at most :
 Ah gentle Swaine, the poorest Lamb I had
 Did beare a fleece, nay such a fleece, as clad
 A naked brother, and the meanest Ewe
 In all my flock did suckle ne'er so few
 As Twins, besides the surplusage, that fed
 A leash of Orphans, in their mothers stead :
 Nay, as these eyes can witnesse on a day,
 One of my weaker yearlings hap to stray,
 Where, being fast upon a crooked Bryer,
 The rest came in, and gently did supply her
 With all the strength they could ; I could not choose
 But smile, to see while some affaid to loose
 The prisoners bands, they hung as fast as thee ;
 But in the end they set my yearling free :
 O my *Britannus*, when they heard my voyce,
 How my poore Lambs would frisk, and even rejoyce
 To see their Shepherd ! They would come and stand
 About me, and take Ivy from my hand ;
 But O my God, what patience shall I crave,
 To tell the rest ! what patience shall I have !

Vpon a night (It was a night as dark
 As was the deed ; there was no glimmering spark
 That would vouchsafe to shoot his feeble rayes
 From heaven, (alas ! why did no Comet blaze
 Against such hideous things !) vpon that night
 Rught in a row of Wolves (no Jesuits

Was

Was sharper bent to kill :) Into my Fold
 They rush, they flue, they spar'd nor young nor old.
 O ! the next morning all my flock lay dead,
 All but some few, that being wounded fled :
 My selfe, that held ten thousand lifes not deare
 To save my dearer flock, they wounded there,
 Upon the rescue : Ah ! they grip'd me fore,
 Yet let me live, to wound my soule the more.
 But gentle Shepherd, I am lately told,
 Some of my scatter'd sheep have been so bold
 To seek for refuge in the *British* Fold :
 Long have I sought, like one that knowes not whither
 To guide his wandring steps, I hapned hither :
 O, canst thou tell me tidings ? Canst thou give me
 At least some hopes of comfort to relieve me ?

BRIT.

Towards bright *Titans* evening Court there lies
 From hence ten miles not fully measur'd thrice,
 A glorious City, called by the name
 Of *Troynovant*, a place of noted fame
 Throughout the Christian world, of great renowne
 For charitable deeds, a place well knowne
 For good and gracious Government, in brieft,
 A place for common refuge, and reliefe
 To banish Shepherds, and their scatter'd Sheep ;
 There our great *Pans* Vice-gerent now does keep
 His royall Court, whose gracious hand hath store
 Of soverain Balsames apt for every sore :
 In this brave City, there be Folds provided
 For sheep of divers Quarters, all divided
 One from the other, ready to receive

C

Affrighted

Affrighted flocks, and bounteous to relieve
 Their severall wants: Hast *Gallio*, hast thee thither,
 And if thou misse thy ends, returne thou hither,
 And make *Britannia* happy to enjoy thee.
 Vnrill thy pleased God shall re-employ thee.

Thanks gentle Shepherd, let that God encrease
 Thy flocks: and give thy soule eternall peace.

EGLOGVE II.

Brito.
Lycus.

GRaze on my Lambs, here's nothing to disquiet
 Your gentle peace, or interrupt your diet:
 Why croud ye thus so neer your frighted deams?
 Here's neither Wolf, nor Fox. Graze on, my Lambs:
 Graze on, my sheep, why gaze ye to and fro,
 As if ye feard some evill? Why gaze ye so?
 What serves your Shepherd for, if not to keep
 Your heart secure from feares? Graze on, my sheep:
 Forbeare my Lambs, to feare ye know not what.
 And feed, your feeding makes your Shepherd full.

beaſtly A

But

But who comes yonder? 'Seemes farre off to be
Our creeping Shepheard *Luscus*; and 'tis he:
I thought my Lambs had something in the wind,
They left to graze and lookt so oft behind:
They love that *Luscus* on the selfe same manner,
As dogs, by instinct of nature, love the Tapper:
See here he comes: Lord, how my Lambs divide
Their eching paces to the farther side!

Lusc.

The blessed Virgin, and *S. Francis* keep
The joviall Shepheard, and his jolly sheep.

Bri.

Would not the blessed Virgins blessing doe,
Without the blessing of *S. Francis* too?

Lusc.

Why, captious *Brito*, store is held no fore;
And two Saints blessings make us blest the more.

Bri.

Is *Luscus*, then, my soule two blessings deep,
Or am I joy'd in Patent with my sheep?
But tell me now my Saint-imploing brother,
One Cypher being added to another,
What makes the totall summe?

Lusc. No summe at all.

Bri.

Such were the blessings, thy late tongue let fall:
But 'twas thy blinded love, and, to repend thee;

C 2

That

That blessed Virgins blessed Son amend thee;
 But say, what ayl'st thou *Luscus*, that thy skin
 Appears so course, and thy pale cheekes so thin?
 Me thinkes thine eyes are dim, those eyes of thine,
 That lately were so radiant, and did shine
 Like blazing starres, (which oftentimes foreshow
 The fall of some great Prince, or overthrow
 Of prosperous States) how dull, how dead they look!
 As if the style of some new answer'd Book
 Had overwatch'd them, or thy hollow cheek
 Had been at buffers with an Ember week.

L u s c.

Plump faces, *Brito*, are esteem'd the least
 Of Shepherds care; Good Shepherds may not feast.
 They must bin sober, keep their bodies chaste;
 A Shepherds calling is to watch and fast:
 Their lips must tast no Cates, their eyes no sleep;
 Such diet, *Brito*, Roman Shepherds keep.

B r i.

Or should, good *Luscus*: Shepherds love their ease
 Too well, to make a dye of that disease:
 Their faces are not alwaies faithfull signes
 Of hide-bound Ribs, and narrow wasted loines:
 Shepherds can make Good-friday on their Cheeke,
 When their full hearts, at home, keep Easter weeke.

L u s c.

Curse on those Shepherds, that bin so untrue.

B r i.

That Curse, I feare, belongs to some of you:

Your

Your Roman faces can look thin, by art,
Their eye can weep teares strangers to their heart.

Luse.

Rash are those censures, and those words misguided,
Where Hearts and Charity, are so farre divided:
But tell me, *Brito*, what have we misdone
To earne so sharpe a censure? Whereupon
Ground'st thou thy harsh conceit? what has our nation
Committed, worthy of so foule taxation?

B. I.

I'll tell thee, if thy patience will but lend
A quiet eare; Plain dealing speakes a friend.

Luse.

Speake freely then, *Luscus* shall find an eare;
Thou shalt not speake, what *Luscus* will not heare.

B. I.

When our great Master-shepherd, (under whom
We serve, being substituted in his room)
Forsooke this vale, and rooke his journey on,
To take possession of his fathers Throne,
He cal'd his under-shepherds, to whose care
He lent his flocks; (those flocks he priz'd more deare
Then his owne life) to them he recommended
The highest trust that ever yet depended
On care of man: To them he did enlarge
His strict Commands, to execute that charge,
With greatest faith and loyalty, to keep
His Lambs from danger, and to feed his Sheep;

C 3

Nay,

Nay, *Lusus*, the more fully to declare
 His gracious pleasure, and his tender care
 In that behalfe, what his desire did move
 His zeale did quicken on the bands of love;
 Nay more, that word, whose accent had the power
 To ruine Heaven and Earth, and, in one hower,
 To build a thousand more, (whose very breath
 At the first motion could blow life or death)
 He thus repeated, O my Shepherds keep
 My flocks; O feed my Lambs; O fold my Sheep:
 Yet did our bounteous Master not regard
 His good alone; our *Pain* was not so hard,
 (Although our lives, and all that we enjoy
 Lye prostrate at his pleasure) to employ
 The busie hands of us poore Shepheard swaines,
 Or to require our unrewarded paines:
 He gives us peace, and freedome; He sustaines us
 With full and wholsome diet; He maintaines us
 In needfull raiment; keeps us sound in health;
 Gives us content; the very height of wealth:
 Besides, at every Shearing he allowes
 A golden Girland, to adorne our browes;
 And when our faithfull hands shall give account
 Of our improv'd endeavours, we shall mount
 Into our Masters joy, where, being drest
 In Robes, and Crownes, we shall enjoy that rest,
 Prepar'd for faithfull Shepherds, and there sing
 Perpetuall Psalms to our Shepheard-King:
 But they whose flumbring eyes have misattended
 Their wandering flocks, whose hands have not defended
 Their worried lambs, those Shepherds shall make good
 Their owne defaults, with their own dearest blood.

Lusc

Eristo, this night, the Moone begins to shine
 Her waned light, I fear, she threatens rain,
 These busie Gnats, I doubt, conspire together,
 To bring us tidings of some change of weather.

Bart

Luscus, 'twere much for faithlesse Shepherds ease,
 If no worse Gnats might suck their blood then these.

Lusc

The Sun shines hot, the Southern wind blows warmer
 But kindly showers would do these grounds no harm.

Bart

Lesse harme, good *Luscus*, (if my thoughts be true)
 Then this discourse (which you so baulke) does you
 We talk of Shepherds, our discourse relates
 Of thriving flocks, and you of shewes and gnats.
 A pleasing subject may command your care,
 But what you like not you are free to leave.
 A Roman Swaine can brack, and you can choose
 His eares, like Juglars, can play fast and loose,
 For his advantage, nay, (and what appears
 More strange) he can be deafe to what he hears.

Lusc

What ayles this peevish Shepherd? I attended
 Till I was tired, and his tale was ended
 What wouldst thou more with my obtruded care?

Bart

B R I.

That Shepheard which thou seem'st so loth to heare;
 That, which observed with attentive heere,
 Will make thy heart-strings crack, and thy heart bleed.

L u s c.

Speake, Shepheard, then, whilst I renew my care:
 A Roman spirit scornes a childish Feare.

B a r.

I, *Luscus*, 'tis the want of Childish feare
 That makes thee lend a feare-disdaining care:
 Thou art a Shepheard; tel'se the fouler shame
 To surp the honour of so high a name)
 A Roman Shepheard too, that does professe
 To feed the flock; and yet does nothing lesse;
 You take the crophe; your flocks, alas, but glean,
 And what makes you so far, makes them so leane;
 God knows you feed your selves by what Commission
 Plough you those Pastures, for your owne provision,
 Which our good Shepheard sever'd out, to keep
 And to maintaine his poore deceived sheep?
 Who gave you licence thus, bold Swaines, to pinch
 Your Masters gracious bounty, and to inch
 His bounteous favours, that can but allow
 The headlands, but the margents of your Plough,
 To feed so faire a flock? Nay, more then so,
 They are forbid those slender headlands too,
 Vntill the flow-pac'd sythe has shorne them downe
 So late, that winter floods have overflowne
 Their saplesse swaths, and fill'd them so with sand
 And carby trash, brought downe from thupper land

By

By

By th'unresisted current of the flood,
 That 'tis but flatter'd with the name of food:
 Nay, more then that, poore flocks, they are forbid
 To feed at large, as heretofore they did,
 They must be tether'd now, must be bereaven
 Of the sweet moysture, of the dew of heaven:
 Nor must their slender food be simply such
 As heaven had made it; no, 't must have a touch
 Of new Invention, which our wise God Pan
 Ne're thought on; since, devis'd by wiser man:
 It must be mingled with fast growing flagges,
 Mire-rooted rushes, sweet'ned with the bragges
 Of pious thrift; nor must the hungry flocks
 Take what they please; it must be serv'd in locks,
 And ostry bottles; neither when they would
 They must be fed, nor yet with what they should:
 To day, they must be dieted, and fast
 From common food; no lesse then death, to tast:
 To morrow, pamper'd with excesse, (and nurst
 With a full hand) may ravin till they burst:
 Brave Shepheards, *Luscs*, fit to serve such flocks!
 Where you command, Lambs need not feare the Fox.

L u s c.

No wonder, *Bruto*, that your Censures be
 So sharpe to us, that so much disagree
 Among your selves: your Britaine Shepheards are
 So strangely factious, that you would even jarre
 With your owne shadows, had no substance been
 Subjected to the venome of your spleen:
 Look, first at home, and seek to reconcile
 Your selves, that mixt like Vineger with oyle.

D

Then

Then snarle : Till heaven shall send you such a season,
It is your faction speaks, and not your reason.

B. 1.

We have our factions, Swaine, you speake but true;
They must have Itch that touch such blaines as you :
You broach new fangles, you devise new waies,
And give more licence to licencious daies :
You limit, you distinguish as you please,
You take no paines but in contriving ease,
And plotting how to pamper flesh and blood,
Masking true evils with apparent good :
Thus you corrupt our Shepherds, and even those
That of themselves are up enough (God knowes)
To love their eases, Shephard when we jare
Among our selves, we doe but onely waite
Against your Doctrines, which too much encrease
Among us : No, such warres conclude a peace.

L. 1.

Our doctrines, Br. ? Recolled thy thought,
Whose doctrine wast that Swaine ~~under~~ taught,
Who taught your wisdomes to forsake your flocks,
And let them ramble on the barren rocks, (hearts
And wander God knowes where : who taught you
(More hard then Marble) those well practis'd arts
Of cruell ptey, to prize Conscience,
And wild Opinion as unlighted fate
Then all their lives, and in their best the loss
Of your whole flocks, then brand them with a Crosse,
Our Masters sleepmarks : These conclude all yours,
Good Br. in Swaine, while doctines were not ours.

B. 1.

B R I.

Fanne not my smothering fires, lest their flame
 Torment your neighb'ring shins: should I but name
 The tithe of that base dunghill trash, brought in
 By your *Dominicans*, scaveng'd out agin
 By worse *Franciscans*; the perpetuall jarres
 Twixt your hot *Jesuits* and your *Seculars*;
 How *Thomas* snarles at *Scotus*; and how hee
 Snarles back at *Thomas*: how your new Decree
 Confronts the old; and how your last does smother
 The first; and how one Councell thwarts another;
 'Twould stop your mouth, and make you scorn the
 Or wisely pray for more encrease of fooles: (schools,
 But to conclude, the Shepherds charge is given
 To us; and if an Angel come from heaven,
 And teach new wayes, whose rules should disaccord
 From what our Master-shepherd left by word
 To our performance, I would teach mine eare
 A scornfull deafnesse; or (if forc'd to heare)
 My tongue should find the courage to desye
 His words, and boldly give his face the lye:
 But see! the treble shades begin to damp
 The moyst ned earth; and the declining Lamp
 Invites our lips to silence; day growes old:
 'Tis time to draw our willing flocks to fold:
 Hark, hark, my Wether rings his evening bell;
 I must away.

L u : c. : Shephard Good night,

B. V. L. Eastwell.

D.

EGL. 2.

EGLOGVE III.

{ Pan.

{ Gentilla. }

GENT.

WHat ails my dearest *Shepherd*? what new change
 Has taught his heart, rejoycing eies such strange
 And dire aspects: what humor hath possest
 The Sanctuary of his troubled brest?
 What mean these fullen frownes? against whom dost
 Thus sternely bend thy discontented brow?
 At whom does this artillry of thine eye
 Levell such flames? Here's none but thee and I,
 Why dost thou turne aside? Why dost thou shun
Gentilla? What has poore *Gentilla* done?
 Have I prov'd false? Say, did I ever bow
 To a new choyce, or started from my Vow?
 Have not my thoughts oblied to a holy Fast
 From new desires? Have not these eyes bin chaste
 As th'eyes of Turtles? Did *Gentilla's* knee
 Ere bend to any, but her God and thee?
 If I be loyall, say, why dost thou shun me?
 Why doe thy causelesse browes thus frowne upon me?
 And if my faith be conscious of a blot,
 Why stand'st thou mute so long? why chid'st thou not?
 No,

No, no, my dearest Shepheard, if there be
Cause of suspect, that cause is given to me:
How long (too too unkind!) hast thou deny'd
Thy presence? Ah, how often have I cry'd
In corners? Nay, how often have these eyes
Bin drown'd with briny streames, that did arise
From the full fountaine of a flowing heart?
How often have I charm'd by the black Art
Of all my sorrowes? yet my Shepherds eares
Were deafe; his eyes were blind to all my teares:
And now thy wish'd-for presence (the full Crowne
Of all my joyes) is clouded with a frowne.

P A N.

Thou knowst, *Gentilla*, when thy breasts were green,
Vnripe for Love, there past a Vow between
Thy elder sister *Judith*, and me,
Whose onely portion was Virginitie;
She had no beauty to enflame mine eyes,
Nor wealth, nor birth, nor ought to make me prize
Her naked love; her visage was uncomely,
Her fortunes poore, her breeding blunt and homely;
I lov'd her for her selfe, and the direction
To that deare love, was my owne deare affection:
In sacred bands of contract, we both ty'd
Our folded hands, and she became my Bride:
I made her supreme Queene of all my Vowes,
And set a Crowne of gold upon her Browes;
I made her sole Commandresse of my keyes,
To shut and open, where, and when she please:
I made her Mistresse of my Flocks, and gave
What I could give, or what her soule could crave;

She had what favours Bounty could confer;
 My life was but a Trifle, weigh'd with her:
 But she forsook me; Her false heart did prove
 Disloyall; took a surfeit of my love;
 She sleighted all my favours; falsely broke
 Her plighted Faith, and scorn'd my easie yoke;
 My dearest love she answer'd with disdain,
 Cast am'rous eyes on every under-swaine;
 I lov'd, she scorn'd, and what I gave, she sleighted;
 Was never love so true, so ill requited.

GENT.

But stay, deare Shepheard, shall my sisters crimes,
 Or shall th'unjust rebellions of her times
 Be plagu'd in me? Or shall thy lips demand
 The debts of *Judabell* at *Gentilla's* hand?
 Stands it with justice, that those Vows which she
 Hath falsely broke, should be reveng'd on me?

PAN.

Thou know'st *Gentilla*, when thy sisters brest
 Grew too obdurate for my deare request,
 When faire entreaties, and more hard Commands
 Found disrespect at her respectlesse hands,
 I left my vaine attempt, cal'd home my heart,
 And plac'd it (as I thought) on more desert;
 Those deare affections, and the love that she
 Vnworthily despis'd, I fixt on thee:
 The selfe same priviledge, the selfe same power,
 Those very favours, and the selfe same dower,
 That was assured hers, whilst she was mine,
 Were by a second Contract, all made thine:

What

What she hath left, thy fortunes have engroft;
Gentilla found what *Judabell* has lost:
 But *Gentilla*, thou hast fail'd to prove
 A worthy object of so faire a Love;
 Thou hast thy sisters frailty; Thou hast all
 Her fortunes with her faults, though not her fall.

GENT.

Tell me, deare Shepherd, that I may amend them,
 I will acknowledge them, or not defend them.

PAN.

Did not I trust, *Gentilla*, to thy hand
 My Flocks, my substance, under whose command
 I left them charg'd? Say, did I not subrait
 My Shepherds to thy service, and commit
 My Sheep to their protection, to be
 Foder'd by them, and overseen by thee?
 Were not those Pastures faire enough, to keep
 My wained Lambs, and to maintaine my Sheep?
 Were they not sweet enough, and well furnishing
 Without that mixture, of your swaines devising?
 Vnwholesome stufe! whose very taste did rot,
 Or breed diseases where it poyson'd not;
 That in somuch, where ere I turn'd my head,
 I saw some flocks a dying; and some, dead.

GENT.

True, gentle Shepherd, thus in former times
 We did; If ignorance may save our crimes,
 We have enough to plead: I bent my knee
 To a false Goddess then, and not to Thee.

25H

PAN.

P A N.

I thought, that *Pan* had had supream Command;
I thought, my Rules might had the grace to stand
In full authority, and power; I thought,
Those Georgicks which I writ, as well as taught
By word of mouth, had been a full direction
Both for my flocks good diet, and protection:
But you and your disloyall Swaines (it's said)
Have joynd in serious Counsell, and have made
Another Head, whose selfe-conceited waies
I never knew; and him your wisdomes raise
Into a height above the height of Man,
And plac'd him in a throne, which never *Pan*,
When he kept earth, and govern'd here below,
Had ere the honour to be call'd into:
Him ye advance with reverence and renown,
His browes adorning with a triple Crown,
When as a wreath of Willow, or of Thorne
(For want of high priz'd metall) rudely torne
From the next hedge, must serve my turne, and be
A Crowne, thought fit, and good enough for me;
Him ye observe, and, like a thing divine,
Him ye adore: His words must passe, not Mine;
His words are Oracles, and his Commands
Are Laws, or death; the power of his hands
(Which he pretends to be deriv'd from me)
Can reach from Peasants, to the high degree
Of Princes, whom, by vertue of his keyes,
He can dis-crown, and murder when he please:
My sacred Book, wherein these fingers writ
The Shepherds Lawes, his nature-pleasing wit

Has

Has interlin'd with his owne bold devises,
And made it now a starting hole for Vices:
His holy finger can put out, put in;
Change, and on second thoughts, rechange agin:
He can correct, distinguish, reconcile;
And where a gap stands faire, can make a stile:
His lips can blesse, where I have curs'd; and curse,
Whom I have blest, according as the Purse
Feeles light or heavy; if the tides but flow,
What is't, he can: what is't, he cannot doe?
This is that Head which your false hearts allow;
This is that golden Calf, to whom you bow
Your sacrilegious knees; Him, him ye crown
With honour, whil' st ye pull my honour down
Him ye corrupt; His open fist ye greaze,
And make your Oracle speake what you please:
Thus are my poore abused flocks beguil'd
By your disguis'd impostures; thus despoil'd
Of their deare lives, whil' st you grow plump and full,
Fed with their flesh, and cloathed in their wooll.

GENT.

Ah dearest Shepherd, in those bloody daies,
I was but young, and childish, and my waies
Were ill devis'd; alas, my tender yeares
Were too too credulous; my abused eares
Were open long before my judgement had
Strength to know truth from falshood, good from bad;
I knew no difference twixt my Friend and Foe,
Thought all was gold that made a golden show:
I thought, those Swaines to whose experienc'd care
Thou left thy flocks, had knowledge to prepare

E

Conve-

Convenient food, and judgement how to keep
With most advantage, thy reposed sheep.

P. A. R.

I, so they had, *Gentilla*, they could read
A Book, could teach them how, and when to feed;
The Book was faire, and pen'd without a blot;
They knew their Masters Will, but did it not.

G. E. N. T.

I trusted them, but they abus'd mine eare,
Told me faire tales, which youth was apt to heare;
That little book thou gav'st me, (when *Pan* woo'd
His poore *Gentilla*, first) writ with thy blood;
They pilfer'd from me, told me 'twas unfit
To be the object of a womans wit;
Sometimes, by snatches, they pursu'd the book;
As once they read, my lingring eye, balls took
A view, by stealth, and my deluded eare
Was fill'd, with what? With nothing written there;
O, thus they wrong'd my too-beleeving eares;
And taking vantage of my easie yeares,
They kept me dark, for feare mine eyes behold
Their gilded trash, that's current now for gold:
Nay more, they knowing that the weaker sex
By nature's apt to loose their servile necks
From mans imperious yoke, and so to fly
Aloft into the pitch of Sovereinty,
They did not blush, to weigh, at least to joine
Thy sacred Oracles, with poore words of mine;
Whose later boldness ventur'd to debase
Thy words authority, and give mine the place:

AH

All this my bolder Swaines presum'd to do ;
All this my prouder weakenesse yeelded to.
True, gentle Shepherd, 'tis confess, that we
Made a new Power, but no Head but Thee ;
Our first intention was not simply evill,
But accidentall ; all things were unlevell,
And rude disorder crept into our State :
Swaine would contest with Swaine, and fierce debate
Encreas'd among us : Every hand would feed
His owne devised way, which was the seed,
The pregnant seed of ruine, and confusion
To our green government, till, in conclusion,
We pickt the ablest Swaines from out the rest,
And made them chiefe, by whose discreeter brest,
Next under Thee our head, we did anorne
Our government, and made it uniforme :
Thus, for a while, our State was well redrest ;
They were good Shepherds, and our State had rest :
They were good Shepherds, and they scorn'd to keep
Their lives upon the rescue of their sheep :
But daies grew worse and worse, and after times
As they increas'd in age, increas'd in crimes :
These Pow'rs grew proud, Hereticall, did hold
New-broach'd opinions ; Law was bought and sold,
And Gospell too, new orders were erected : (lected ;
The Shepherds sought themselves, their flocks neg-
Thus each succeeding Power at last did add,
A worse unto his Predecessors bad :
Thus were my tender yeares, and trust abus'd ;
T'avoid confusion, thus we grew confus'd :
O, they that follow a misguided Head
The farther goe, the more they are misled :

But now my sad experience (dearely bought)
 Hath cal'd me off and made me see my fault;
 My soule abhors the deeds of former times,
 They, they are past, but present are my crimes:
 Let not my dearest Shepherd search my waies
 With too severe an eye: As the old daies
 Are swallow'd with the new, and past away,
 So let my faults be past as well as they:
 Close, close thine eyes, or if thou needs must see,
 Look, look upon thy Goodnesse, and not me;
 Or if thine eyes will look on such a shame,
 Behold not what I was, but what I am.

P. A. N.
 My deare *Genilla*, dearer then my soule,
 Thy wounds are cur'd, thy Faith has made thee whole:
 Thy teares have scour'd thy trespasse, witnesse Heaven;
 Thou hast not done what *Pa* has not forgiven:
 Come, come into mine armes, my greedy brest
 Longs, longs to entertaine so faire Guest:
 The poorest teare that wets thy lovely cheek
 Has washt a world of faults; thou shalt not seek
 What thy prevailing language cannot find.

G. N. T.
 O let me weep, untill I weep me blind!
 How can my frozen gutters choose but run
 And feel the beames of such a melting Sun!

P. A. N.
 Enough my sweet *Genilla*, O forbear
 To gaul my wounded heart, each pearly teare

That

That trickles from thine eye, does make rebound
Vpon my heart, and gives my heart the wound :
What meanes my dearest love to overflow
My curious Garden, on whose banks doe grow
Those flowers, whose sweetnesse does as far exceed
Arabian scents, as they the foulest weed.

GENT.

No, no my dearest deare; these slubber'd cheeks
Call for more water; 'tis the work of weekes;
To purge the Morpew from so foule a face;
'Tis not the labour of an howers space
Can doe the deed.

PAN.

No leprosie can find
So cleare a cure, but that some scurf behind
Will yet remaine; *Gentilla* may be sure,
The worse being past, time will perfect the cure.

GENT.

My dearest *Pan*, such desperate sores as these
Requier fresh supplies: O! my disease
Enjoynes me to goe wash nine times at least,
In *Jordan* streames till it be quite redrest.

PAN.

Be not deluded with traditionous dreames;
'Tis *Pan* that cures thee, and not *Jordan*-streames:
Let not thy Morpew plunge thy soule too farre
In needlesse griefe; deep wounds will leave a scarre:
Vexenot thy selfe, and let no chill despaire
Perplex thy troubled heart; Thou art as faire,

om V

E 3

As

As earth will suffer; My contemned eyes
 Take pleasure in thy beauty, which I prize
 Above the world: and when the time shall come,
 Wherein thy Shepherd shall conduct thee home
 Into my Fathers Palace, where I dwell,
 I'll give thee water (water shall excell
 The streames of *Jordan*) whose diviner power
 Shall cleanse thy staines, and in a moment scower
 Thy Morphew so, that heavens Meridian eye
 Shall vaile, to see thy greater Glory by:
 Till then, my dearest, let these chaste embraces
 Twine us a while, then to our severall places
 Depart we both.

GENT.

Then let *Gentilla* dye,
 If ought can part my dearest *Pan* and I:
 These twined armes shall hold thee, if thou go,
 My *Pan* shall draw his own *Gentilla* too.

PAN.

Forbear *Gentilla*, for I must be gone,
 I have a Father to attend upon,
 And thou a flock, the time will come, wherein
 We shall re-meet, and never partagin.

GENT.

I'll drive my flocks, whilst we walk hand in hand;
 And I will feed them on thy Fathers land.

PAN.

Not so *Gentilla*, when thy flocks are thriven
 In fat and fleece, then, then they shall be driven

Vnto

Vnto my Fathers Count, where, on thy knee,
Thou shalt present them as a gift from thee;
And at that day thy Shepheard shall come hither,
And hand in hand conduct *Gentilla* thither.

GENT.

If needs we must, Farewell: But see thou keep
Thy promis'd word.

PAN.

Farewell; and feed my sheep.

EGLOGVE III.

{ *Nullifidius.* }
{ *Pseudo-catholics.* }

NULL.

HO, Shepheard ho! What aile thine eyes to take
Such early slumbers? Shepheard, ho, awake:
Ho, Shepheard, ho! Lord how secure he lies!
What, not a word? For shame, for shame, arise:
Ho, Shepheard, ho! I think his drouzy head
Is nail'd to th' ground, I think our Shepheard's dead:
Ho, Shepheard, ho!

PROB.

I pray thee leaue thy Hoing.

NULL

Then leave thy blowing, and disclose thine eyes:
Ho, Shepheard; ho! 'Tis time, 'tis time to rise:
Till thou leave snorting Swaine, I'le ne'er leave calling;
Ho, Shepheard, ho!

P s e u d.

I prithee leave thy bauling.

Then Shepheard wake, there is a Wolf broke in
Among thy sheep; what, fallen asleep agin?
Ho, Shepheard, ho!

P s e u d.

I prithee, let me sleep,
P'fh, what care I for either Wolf or Sheep?

N u l l.

Look, Shepheard, look, here flowes a curious cup
Of dainry sparkling Nectar, full charg'd up
To th'brim, see how her sprightly dancing bubbles
Defie degenerous feares, and the dull troubles
Of poore afflicted hearts; look how they swell
In proud disdain, as if they threaten'd Hell
With bold defiance, or would undertake
A prosperous duell with the infernall Lake:
See how she mantles; see with what a grace
She lookes upon thee; smiles upon thy face:
Ho, Shepheard, ho!

P s e u d.

I, there's a voice, would raise
A dying soule, and give the dead new daies;

I, there's a rapture ! what blest Angels tongue
 Has broke my slumbers with so sweet a song ?
 What, *Nullifidius* ! O, the sweetest straine,
 That e're was sung ! But where's the Nectar, Swaine ?
 Sure jolly Shepheard, *Pan* will turn my friend ;
 I never dreame, but still my dreames portend
 Some good or other : As I lay asleep
 Beneath this shrub, me thought my thirsty sheep
 Demanded water ; in my troubled dreames,
 Me thought I sent them to the flowing streames,
 To drink their fill ; wich that, they made reply,
 There is no water, for the streames are dry :
 So having said, me thought that one among
 The flock unstopt my Bottle, whence there sprung
 Cleare crystall streames, that water did abound ;
 Me thought those streames no sooner felt the ground
 But turn'd to blood : whereat being sore affraid,
 Me thought I Crost my selfe, and after said
 Three *Ave Marias*, and three *Creeds* ; and then,
 The blood turn'd water, and grew cleare agen :
 And there I wak'd : as I was e'en about
 To dreame the rest : And now my dreame is out.

NULL.

Faith, so's my Nectar, Swaine, ; my Nectar's ended ;
 Look, here's the shrine, but the sweet Saint's ascended :
 See'st thou this empty bottle ? Hence did flow
 Those rare, those precious streames of late ; but now
 Dri'd up, I sipt, and cal'd, and sipt agin ;
 I told thee that a Wolf was broken in,
 Among thy flocks, and yet no art could rate
 Thee from thy slumbers, till it grew too late ;

F

At

At last I rous'd thee with a potent charme;
 Advanc'd my voice as stoutly as my arme,
 I rais'd both arme and voice to th'height, and so
 Thy slumber's ended, and my Nectar too.

P S E U D.

The Cramp, the Murre, for ever bleffe such armes
 And tongues, that can attempt no earlier charmes.

N U L L.

Sure *Pan's* no friend of thine, that gives no theames
 But Blood and Water to thy empty dreames:
 Hadst thou but dream'd of Wine——. But sheheard
 I have a project to re-entertaine (Swaine,
 Thy next attempt; lye downe and dreame againe;
 Meane while, these hands shall be imploid to fill
 My bottle at the foot of yonder hill;
 I'll brim my bottle with those crysall streames;
 (Second thoughts thrive, & why not second dreames?)
 Perchance (deare Swain) those second dreames of thine,
 May *Transubstantiate* Water into Wine.

P S E U D.

I prithee doe, and swill it for thy paines:
 'Twill wring thy bowels, ere it wrong thy braines.

N U L L.

You Roman Shepherds have prodigious dreames:
 Can change your *Bread* to *Flesh*, your *Wine* to *Drinke*
 Of purest *Blood*: You can convert a dish
 Of *Steakes* to *Roots*, *Surtouts* to *Joules of Fish*,
 Your full-crown'd Capons on your Friday table

(As

(As Shepherds faine, and Shepherds will not fable)
Forget their fleshly natures; their smooth skins
Turn to rough scales, their wings and legs to fins;
Plump Partridge turns to Pike; your smaller dishes
Of Quails and costly Knots, to lesser fishes:
But tell me Swaine, what meane your learned Schools
To tell such Tales?

P S E U D.

To make you Shepherds fooles.

N U L L.

Thar's not the mark ye leuell at, you glance
Your shafts but there, ye hit but there by chance;
Come tell me, Swaine, this shady place is free
From ill-digesting eares; here's none but we:
I have an Ewe, now grazing on my plain,
Whose beauteous Bags, thrice very day I strain,
Well struck in flesh, and of a noble race;
She has more white about her then her face:
Black is her fleece, but silk is not so soft,
Shee's th'onely glory of my fruitfull croft:
Repose this secret in my brest, and thou
Shalt be the owner of this dainty Ewe.

P S E U D.

I know the Ewe; how fortune made her thine,
I know not; but, I'm sure, that Ewe was mine:
But come, my Swaine, I know thy peacefull brest
Is slow to strife; thou car'st not to contest
Of Shepherds Lawes; I know thou art none of those
That will maintain an argument with blowes:
I know, th'indifferent Faith does not rely

On stiffe opinion; That mans No, or I
Are both alike to thee; thou car'st not whether
It raine or shine, thy tongue keeps temperate wether:
And to say troth, but that that pretty thing,
Call'd Profit, lends a little fleeter wing
To our desires, no doubt but we shall joine
In that good, honest, harmlesse way of thine:
I tell thee, Swaine, these darker clouds of ours
Are full of stormes, but send down golden show'rs:
Thou know'st, the vulgar sort are apt to admire
Things strange; whar's most unlikely, they desire
Most to beleeve, and onely that applaud:
Now what we whisper they divulge abroad:
(For they are Fooles, and Women most) whereby,
If ought be found i'th Suburbs of a Lye,
'Tis shuffled off from us, from whence it came,
And lai'd upon the common breath of Fame:
But seldom't comes to that; such fooles as they
(Bound to beleeve, not question what we say)
Ne'er list our Tales too near, but make them good
(In spight of Reason) with their dearest blood,
All such, for feare lest wisdom should by chance,
Get th'upperhand, we traine in Ignorance:
There's none must read a book, but onely he
That's able to corrupt as well as we:
But Sheppard, know, that these we keep so short,
Are but the women and the simpler sort;
These are our new-milch-cowes, that doe maintaine
Our house, these bring but slow, yet constant gaine:
Now, there's a wiser sort; but they attend
In higher regions; some their worths commend
(And some their fortunes) to superiour powers;

Some

Some stand on their owne legs, and some on ours :
 These are our greater Pillars, men of action,
 And stout maintainers of our prosperous faction :
 These are our Plush Attornies ; these befriend
 Our desperate suites ; these day and night attend
 Our thriving causes, whilst we sleep secure ;
 Nay, when our selfe made wounds, implore a cure,
 These are our Surgeons too ; these stand our baile,
 If need require, and drag us from the Jaile.

NULL.

But dearest Swaine, me thinks such high degrees
 Of brave Attornies should expect high fees :
 Gamesters say, Nothing draw, if nothing stake,
 And men of Plush are friends but where they take :
 Sure, such Attornies labour not for pleasure ;
 Tel me what pen' worths does their friendship measure :

PSEUD.

Some, as I told thee, are of higher blood ;
 Some creatures of our owne, whom we thought good
 To recommend ; To those we crouch the knee,
 And make a Catholique face ; these ask no fee.

NULL.

But tell me, Swaine, how come you to engage
 Such great ones to your faction ?

PSEUD.

In this age,
 The price of pleasure's rais'd to a high pitch ;
 'Tis a faire traffique, now a daies, and rich
 To those that sell ; no gold is held too deare

To purchase but a Licence for a yeare,
 To sin securely, or to swim in pleasure
 But twice six monthes; the very height of treasure
 Will stoop to this; our everlasting trade
 Will ne'er be dead, till Sin and Pleasure fade.

NULL.

But tell me Swaine, does any such foole dwell
 Within our pale, that thinks you Swaines can sell
 Such priviledg? Can any mortall heart
 Be so befool'd?

PSEUD.

Why, Shepherd, there's the art,
 The depth of all our trade; whereon depends
 The whole designe; whereby we work our ends:
 When silly birds have toucht therwigs, who is't
 That cannot hand and take them as they list?
 Wherein to acquaint thee fully, thou shalt know
 Not onely what is done, but how we do;
 I'll lay some grounds, and when those grounds be lai'd
 Practice will make thee master in our trade:
 Two sort of Birds doe use to make resort
 Into our cage; A wise, a simpler sort;
 To those we teach Obedience; to these
 Dark Ignorance, and Charity, when we please:
 The simpler sort, are hatch'd, and bred our owne,
 We clime their nests, and take them in their doune:
 We feed them, and we bring them up by hand,
 And make them infant Slaves to our Command;
 We discipline them, teach them how to prate,
 Like Parakitoes, words they know not what;
 We keep them close, we never let them know,

The

The airy freedome they were borne unto,
We teach them to forget their wilder note
They have b'instinct, and tune our songs by rote:
We onely keep them dark, and then, with ease
We make them sing what notes soe're we please:
They feed on Rape-seed, or the crums that fall
From off our trenchers at a Feltivall:
But there's a wiser sort, and such are they
That spread their stronger wings, and use to prey
For their own selves; that can behold the Sun,
Like *Joves* own bird, and when the day is done,
Can roost themselves; these kind of birds are wary
Where they frequent, their hagar eyes are chary
Near whom th' approach: for these the Shepherd plants
His close-laid Gins, their common food are Wants,
And sucking Lev'rets; oftentimes they stoop
At their owne shades, fly thousands in a troop
We bait our Gins with fleshy Recreations,
Larded with Pardons, drest with Dispensations;
Oft times we take; but taken, there's the skill,
How to reclaim their wildnesse to our will:
At first, they'l strive and struggle out of breath;
If we use force, they'l beat themselves to death:
They will not brook the dark, whose Eagle eyes
Have view'd the Sun; here, Swain, we must be wise;
They must have freedome, Shepherd, yet nor so
But that their freedome may appeare to grow
From our permission; then they must be fed
With dainties, whereunto they neer were bred;
And 'tis the nature of these birds to feed
So long, till their dull wings can find no speed,
Nor they, their wings; How, then, put case, they try

Their wings are clipt, unknown: they cannot fly;
 Thus kept with feeding, and with gentle handing,
 And made familiar with our wanton danding,
 They'l make themselves our Slaves, and in strong bands
 Will yeild themselves close prisoners to our hands;
 They'l fall before thee, and like water spilt,
 Maist draw them with a finger where thou wilt:
 Now we begin to work, our smoother brow
 Growes more severe; our wanton favours, now,
 Wax more reserv'd; they that before we dandled
 Like looser minions, they must now be handled
 Like servile stuffe; they now must know their distance;
 Where we command, there must be no resistance:
 They must not question now; and what we say,
 They must beleeve; what we enjoin, obey:
 These are the hawks we fly with, and our Game
 Is Gold and Glory, and an honour'd name:
 These are the generous spaniels that retrieve
 Imperiall Crownes, and swallow Kings alive:
 The simpler sort maintain us plump and fat,
 But these advance the glory of our State:
 The Eyas Faulcon's not so fierce in Game,
 As th' high pitch'd Hagard, whom our hands reclaime:
 These are brave daies; and these brave daies we live:
 This is the trade that Roman Shepherds drive.

But tell me, Swaine, what busie eyes attend
 Thy flocks the while? what courses do they bend?

Graze where they please, if they will feed, they may;
 Our

Our musick twangs upon a higher key:
 They doe but meereley serve to serve mens eyes
 From spying where our greater profit lyes;
 They are like switches in a beggers hand,
 To counterfeit a Calling; No, we stand
 On higher termes; the habit of a Swaine
 Seemes holy; gives advantage to obtaine
 Those glorious ends, that we pursue so fast;
 They must bin chary, Swaine, that be not chaff;
 This russet thred-bare weed, that now I weare,
 Can startle Monarchs, bow a Princes eare:
 These very hems be kist, and skirts ador'd:
 And every burton shall command a Lord.

Farewell my flocks, Goe seek another Swaine;
 Farewell my office, and my glorious gain;
 Of twenty Marks *per annum*, I'll goe wash
 More thriving cattel; leave to haberdash
 In such small pedling wares; come jolly Swaine,
 I'll trade with thee, and try another strain;
 We'll fish for Kingdomes, and Imperiall powers;
 Come gentle Swaine, the Gold of Ophir's ours.

No more, good Shepherd, it growes dark and late;
 At th' Popes head-tavern, there's a postern gate
 Will give us way; where flowing cups of wine
 Shall re-confirm thy Brotherhood, and mine.

EPILOGUE

Declare the greatness of their Masters glory!

EGLOGUE V.

Vigilins.

Evangelus.

WHat strange affrights are these, that thus arrest
 My lab'ring soule, and spoile me of my rest?
 Before my meeting eyelids can conclude
 A long desired tongue, the war O'renew
 I cannot rest; sometimes he thinks I heare
 Loud whoopes of Tramples, founding in mine eare:
 Sometimes the murmur of celestiall songs
 Sweetens my thoughts, and casts my soule in rambles;
 And then the discord of infernall cries
 And horrid noises wake my closing eyes:
 Me thinks my trembling Coe does not allow
 Such restfull ease, as it was wont to doe:
 Pray God my flocks be safe: My dreames foretell
 Some maner of danger: I pray God, that all be well.
 I le up (to see the wasted night grow old)
 And, if that need require, secure my flocks:
 Lord how the heavens be painted! How much light
 Contends for greater brightnes, to undark
 The face of night; and in a silent story,
 Declare the greatnesse of their Makers glory!

But

But hark I am I deceiv'd: or does mine ear
Perceive a noise of footsteps, drawing near?
What midnight-wanderer is grown so bold
At such a season, to rattle near my Fold?
Sure, tis some Pilgrime, burthen'd with the griefs
Of a lost way, or else some nightly Thief:
Or else, perchance, some Shepherd that doth fly
From his affrighted Rest, as well as I:
No, tis some Friend: Or else my dog had nere
Bin silent halfe so long; Hoo! who goes there?

EVANG.

Vigilius! Is the Swain I sought so nigh:
Feare not *Vigilius*, it is none but I.

VIG.

Evangelus! What businessse has divided
Thy steps this way? Or bin thy steps misguided?

EVANG.

O, my *Vigilius*, I am come to bring
A true relation of the strangest thing:
The sweetest things, and the rarest wonder
This night brought forth, as ever broke in funder
The lips of panning flame: I had no power
To keep it undisclos'd another power.

VIG.

What is't? Speak, speak; *Vigilius* ears are mad
To know the newes: Say, is it good, or bad?

EVANG.

O my *Vigilius*, 'tis as good as riches,
 True, true as heaven it selfe; and good to you;
 'Tis good to wife and simple; rich and poore;
 'Tis good to me; 'tis good to thousands more;
 The greatest good that ever fell to man
 Since earth had being, since the world began.

Speake, welcome Shepherde, let thy tongue proceed
 To make thy tydings sweeter by thy speed:
 Breake ope thy lips, and let thy tongue diffuse
 Her welcome errand: Shepherde, what's the news?

EVANG.

Thou know'st, *Vigilius*, *Dauids Bethlem*, now,
 Swarmes with much people, and does overflow
 With tides of strangers, that attend the pleasure
 And soveraine will of sole-commanding *Cesar*:
 In this concourse, there's one, among the rest,
 A *Galilean Maid*, a Virgin guest,
 Whose radiant beauty (if we may relye
 On fables report) strikes every gazing eye
 Starke blind, and keeps th' amazed beholder under
 The stupid tyranny of Love and wonder;
 And (what does more embellish so divine
 So rare a creature) she drawes out the line
 Of princely *David* longer by her birth,
 And keeps his blood alive upon the earth
 Nay, what compleats both lineage and complexion,
 And heapes perfection more upon perfection,
 Mounting her Glory to the upper staire,

She

She is as perfect chaste, as perfect faire;
 So pure a soule inflames her Virgin brest,
 That most conceive, she is an Angel drest
 In flesh and blood; at least some Saint reviv'd;
 Some say, (if their report may passe believ'd)
 She hath no sins at all; at most, so few,
 That very Scriptures are but barely true:
 Her name is *Mary*; and if every one
 May owne their right, right heire to *Dauids* Throne:
 She's now at *Bethlem* (where being newly come)
 This very night, her pregnant Virgin-womb,
 Without the throwes of childbed or the grone
 Of the sick chaire, has borne, brought forth a Son.

V I G.

A Virgin beare a Son? What busie tongue
 Has done thine cares, and easie faith that wrong?
 Borne without paine? And of a Virgins womb?
 Thou art befool'd: where heard'st thou this; of whom?

E V A N G.

Shepherd, It is the common voic'd report
 Of every tongue, and sent to *Cæsars* Court;
 I come from *Bethlem*, where the dead of night
 Is wak'd in every corner, with th'affright
 Of sudden voices, and the hasty feet
 Of wondring people, trampling in the street;
 Wind-blazing Tapours hurry to and fro,
 And every Window's turn'd a lanthorne to;
 The streets are fill'd; some ramble up and down
 To know the news; and some to make it known;
 Here one man trudges; there another tramples;

Some whoop for joy, and some, by their examples;
 Some softly whisper: Others stand and muse
 Some baul aloud; no need to aske the newes:
 One while, the multitude is fallen at strife;
 Some say, she is a Virgin; some, a Wife;
 Some neither; others, that best know, aver
 She is espoused to a Carpenter,
 Who finding her too great before her day,
 Brought her to *Bethlem*, secretly to lay
 The Charge upon the Town, and steal away.

V. 10.

All this may be, and yet no Virgin, Swaine;
 Can Virgins beare? Or births be freed from paine?

EVANG.

Know, faithlesse Shepheard, then, that there appear'd
 An Angel to me, from whose lips I heard
 The news I tell thee; Swain, he did unfold
 Not onely this, but what remaines untold:
 Nor was't to me alone, the newes was brought,
 For then my slow beleeif might well have thought
 Mine eares had bin abus'd; The thing was told
 To many Shepheards more, that dare be bold
 To call it Truth; to Shepheards, that were by,
 That heard, and saw, and shooke as well as I.
 His face was like the visage of a Child,
 Round, smooth, and plump, and oftentimes it smild;
 It glow'd like fire, and his rowling eyes
 Cast flames, like lightning dard'd from the skyes;
 His haire was long, and curl'd, and did infold
 Like knots of wirt, compos'd of burnish'd gold;

His

His body was uncloth'd, his skin did show,
 More white then Iv'ry, or the new-faln snow,
 Whose perfect whitenesse made a circling light,
 That where it stood, it silvend o're the night,
 And, as he spake, his wings would now and then
 Spread, as he meant to fly, then close again;
 This news he brought, 'Twas neither Fame, nor I
 That forg'd it, Swaine; Good Angels cannot lye:
 Canst thou beleave it? If thy faith be strong,
 My greater tidings shall enlarge my tongue.

V. I. G.

I doe *Evangelus*, though for a season,
 My faith was tyding on the streames of reason:
 Yet now, the gale of thy report shall drive
 Her sailes another course: my thoughts shall strive
 Against that streamer, and what I cannot under-
 stand with my heart, I will beleave and wonder:
 But tell me, Swaine, what happinesse accrewes
 From this? Or else, relate thy better news.

E. V. A. M.

Then know *Figilius*, whilst the Angel spake,
 My spirit stembled, and my loines did ake;
 Horror and heart-amazing feares possess
 The fainting powers of my troubled brest,
 And struck my frighted soule into a swoond;
 That I lay senseless prostrate on the ground;
 With that he streight in his life restoring arme,
 He rais'd me up, and bid me feare no harme:
 "Feare not, said he, I come not with might;
 "Thy gasterd soule with darkness of the night.

O T

" My

„ My errand (Shepherd) is not to abuse;
 „ Thine eyes with horrid shapes; I bring thee news;
 „ Tidings of joy, and everlasting peace:
 „ Stand up and let thy faithlesse trembling cease;
 „ Collect thy scatter'd fenses, Swain, and heare
 „ The happiest news; that ever beg'd an eare;
 „ Such newes, wherewith harmonious quire of Heaven,
 „ Archangels, Angels; and the other seven
 „ Of those Celestiall Hierarchies, the troop
 „ Of glorious Saints, and soules of Prophets stoop
 „ Their joyfull eares, and being fully freight
 „ With joyes, sing forth Hosanna's to the height:
 „ This night a Virgin hath brought forth a Son,
 „ A perfect God, though clad in flesh and bone,
 „ Like mortall man, the eternall Prince of Rest;
 „ And Peace, in whom all nations shall be blest:
 „ This night a Virgin hath brought forth a Child,
 „ A perfect Man, but pure, and undefil'd
 „ With guilt of sin; like you in shape and fashion,
 „ And for your sakes, as subject to your passion:
 „ A perfect God, whose selfe-subsisting nature
 „ Required not the help of a Creator:
 „ A perfect Man, conceived by the power
 „ Of th' holy Ghost, and borne this very hower:
 „ A perfect God; beyond the comprehending
 „ Of man; and infinite, without an ending
 „ A perfect Man; objected to the eye,
 „ And touch of Flesh and Blood, and borne to dye:
 „ Like God, eternall, yet his life a span,
 „ Like yours; a perfect God, a perfect man:
 „ To you a Son is given, the heire of glory,
 „ Whose Kingdome's endlesse and untransitory;

„ To

„ To you a childe is born, that shall succeed
„ That princely *David*, and of *David*s seeds
„ A son is given, whose name redcem'd the earth
„ A world of daies before his mothers birth :
„ A child is born, whose last expiring breath
„ Shall give new daies; and dying, conquer death :
„ A son, a child ; compos'd of earth and heaven ;
„ To you a child is borne, a son is given :
„ We blessed Angels have no need at all
„ Off such a Saviour, for we cannot fall :
„ The damned spirits of th' *Infernall Throne*
„ Receive no profit by this child, this sonne :
„ To you the glory of so great a gaine
„ Belongs; to you these tidings appertain :
„ To you, thrice happy sons of men, we bring
„ This welcome errand from th' *eternall King*
„ Of endlesse mercy, the great Lord of heaven :
„ To you this childe is borne, this son is given.
„ Goe, Shepheards, goe to *Bethlem*, and your eyes
„ Shall see the Babe ; The blessed Infant lyes
„ In a poore Stable, swaddled in a Manger ;
„ Goe, Swaines, and entertaine this heavenly stranger,
„ Upon your bended knees ; See, yonder starre
„ Shall be your Pilor, where these wonders are :
And as he spake that word, (not fully ended)
Ten thousand Angels in a troop descended :
But here my tongue must faile, not having might
To tell the glory of that glorious fight :
Nay, had I power, thine ears would prove as weak
To apprehend as my poore tongue's to speak.
They joyn'd their warbling notes, and in an height
Beyond the curious frailty of conceit,

Their voices sweetned our delighted fears,
And with this Caroll blest our ravish'd cares.

Glorie to God on high; and jolly mirth
Twixt man and man; and peace on earth;
This night a Child is born;
This night a Son is given;
This Son, this Child
Hath reconcil'd

Poore man that was forlorne,
And th' angry God of Heaven:
Hosanna, sing Hosanna.

Now, now that jolly Day,
That blessed houre is come,
That was foretold
In dayes of old,
Wherein all nations may
Blesse, blesse the Virgins Womb:
Hosanna, sing Hosanna.

Let heaven triumph above,
Let earth rejoyce below,
Let heaven and earth
Be fill'd with mirth;
For peace and lasting love
Atones your God, and you:
Hosanna, sing Hosanna.

With that their Air-dividing plumes they spied,
And with Hosanna, in their mouths, they fled:
But, Shepherd, ah how far does my report,
Ah how extreemly my poore words come short

To blaze such glory ! How have I transgress'd
T'expresse such Raptures, not to be exprest !

V. 10.
O Swaine, how could I lose my selfe to heare
Thy blest discourse ! O how my greedy eare
Clings to thy cordiall lips, whose soveraigne breath
Brings Antidotes against the fangs of death !
How happy are these times ! How blest are we
Above all ages, that are borne to see
This joyfull day, whose glory was deny'd
To Kings and holy Prophets, that rely'd
Upon the self-same hopes ! How more then they
Are we poore Shepherds blest to see this day !

E. 10.
O Shepherd, had our Princely *David* seen
This happy how'r, how had his spirit been
Inflam'd with Joy, and Zeal ! What heavenly skill
Had passion lent to his diviner Quill !
What Odes ! What Lyrick Raptures had inspir'd
His ravish'd soule, that was already fir'd
With hopes alone, that these rare things should bee
In after daies, which now his eyes should see !

V. 11.
No question, but an infinite delight
Had easily sprung from to divine a sight :
It had bin Joy sufficient, that a Sonne
Was born to sit upon his Princely Throne ;
O, but that Son, to be a Saviour obd,
Able to conquer death, and overthrow

Have straggled from our Pastures, and have stray'd.

PHILAM.

'Twas soundly watcht the while: But have you made
Search no where else?

ARMIN.

My hopes first led me hither;
His way lies every where that kens not whither;
Small moment, Shepherd, guides a doubtfull breast;
Our sheep oft turne their faces to the East,
Which led my hopefull feares (perchance too bold)
To make enquiry in your Eastern Fold.

PHIL.

And welcome: but me thinks the Roman Swains
Should tell you newes: It had bin lesser pains
And to more purpose, (if my thoughts be cleare)
For you t' have made your first enquiry there:
There's but a slender ruinous *hedge* that bounds
And slightly limits your contiguous grounds;
So poor a *Fence*, young Iwain, that 'tis suppos'd
Yee feed in Common, though yee seem enclos'd:
Goe make a speedy Triall, and search there.

ARMIN.

My hopes renew.

PHILAM.

And I renew my feare.

ARMIN.

But gentle Shepherd, here a second thought
Puzles my quickning hopes, and I am brought
Into a greater doubt: the Roman Brand
Is so, so like to ours; nay, ev'n doth stand

In th' selfe same place, that my unskillfull tongue
Dare make no challenge : I am yet but young
And too too green to judge, and yet not made
Acquainted with the secrets of our trade :
I'm doubtfull what to doe : It is all one
Not to make search, as seek, and finde unknowne.

PHILAM.

Then, Swain, take my advice, If what I say
Please not thy fancy, try a better way.

ARMIN.

Thanks, gentle Shepherd; you shall much endear
Your thankfull servant, and command his ear.

PHILAM.

But Swain, acquaint me first (for it appears
Thou art as yet no Shepherd by thy years)
How often doth thy Master Shepherd feed
His numerous Flocks; they are a jolly Breed,
And well come on; how often doe they stand
Before his eye, and number'd by his hand?

ARMIN.

Once in seven daies, his food-providing care
Gives them a full Repast of dainty fare,
But for their daily diet, his command
Refers their welfare to my carefull hand.

PHILAM.

Which of the seav'n may his grave wisdom keep
For this Repast? Or doe his ready sheep

Expect

Expect his Call, and wholly leave the day
To his wife pleasure :

ARMIN. What he will, he may :
The day is alterable ; pow'r is given
To him, to choose, so he choose one in seven :
But yet his wisdom for the fashion sake
And his owne quiet, hath bin pleas'd to make
Choise of the first.

PHILAM. Feeds he for by-respect :
Folds he for fashion : Better, quite neglect :
But does he totally devote that day
To his faire Flock :

ARMIN. He sends them pleas'd away,
Full fed with dainties, mingled with delight :
All day, they feed, and when the drooping Light
Begins to trebble the encreasing shades,
The Musick of the Oaten Reeds perswades
Their hearts to mirth ; his wanton Rams grow brisk ;
His Ewes begin to trip ; his Lambs to frisk ;
And whilst they sport and dance, the love-sick Swains
Compose rush-rings and myrtleberry chains,
And stuck with glorious King-cups, and their Bonnets
Adorn'd with Lawrell slips, chant their Love-sonnets
To stir the fires, and to encrease the flames
In the cold hearts of their beloved Dames.

PHILAM.
Your Shepherd takes great paines ; but his Reward
Will prove as heavy as his pains are hard :
But tell me, Swain, what dainty food is that
That makes your thriving flocks, so plump, so fat :
They make rich Shepherds, and encrease their stock ;

Pan grant, your Shepheard make as rich a flock:
But whar's that dainty food? here's none but wee,
I am no Sive: I prithee Swain, be free.

ARMIN.

I know not, why; but I stand full posselt,
My secrets finde a closet in thy brest;
Where I'l repose them: know then, Shepheard, know,
There is a glorious Plant, that once did grow
In Priestly *Aarons* Garden, in the daies
Of Legall worship; this faire Plant did raise
A swelling Husk, in whose rich womb there lay
Large grains of Orient Pearl, which (as they say)
Rip'ned, but nere disclos'd till that blest morn
Wherein our good, our great God *Pan* was born;
Just then it open'd; and th'inclos'd Grain
Unknownly vanish; and then clos'd again:
This wondrous Plant still flourish'd, and her strength
Maintain'd her empty Husk, untill at length,
Ah me! our great *Pan* dyed, and then it droopt;
And had not brain-dissolved mortals stoopt
And watred her dry Roots with floods of tears,
'T had dyed, a fable to our faithlesse ears;
Which blessed Plant, whom these salt showres repair,
Was by a *Roman-Shepheards* holy Pray'r
And some dayes *Fast*, transplanted to the Lay
Of Roman Shepheards, fruitfull to this day.

PHILAM.

But have those Pray'rs restor'd the Pearl again?

ARMIN.

The Husks are plump, but yet they beare no Grain.

PHIL.

PHILAM.

F Those Husk-like Pray'rs, which vain devotion swels,
Come short for things of price, but home for shels.
But tell me, Swain, to what prodigious end
May these miraculous discourses tend ?

ARMIN.

Shepherd, I'll now perform (as you require)
My faithfull promise, and your faire desire :
These swelling Husks, which heretofore retain'd
This vanisht Pearl, for many yeares remain'd
Uselesse and vain, untill an after Age,
More wisely curious, and maturely sage,
Made further search, and by experience found
Their vast and wide extended wombs abound
With precious oyle, whose aromattick sent,
Like fatning Amber, nourisht where it went :
This odoriferous, this unctious Juice
Our Roman Shepheards husband to their use
A thousand waies : with this their sacred hands
Varnish their painted Folds, manure their lands,
Sweeten their putrid Fodder, and improve
Their wel-contented Flocks in feare, and love :
Now gentle Shepherd ; we, whose bord'ring bounds
Are ev'n contiguous with those Roman grounds,
Have secret traffick, and a faire commerce ;
Though seeming foes, we under-hand converse :
We plot, contrive, consult, we enterchange
Both Wares and Hearts, and yet are seeming strange ;
This precious Oyle, (the hint of our discourse)
We hold in common, without pray'r, or purse :
With this, our thriving Shepheards every day

I

Anoint

Anoint their formall Temples, which display
 Their glorious frownes, at whose severer brow
 Their crouching Flocks doe tremble, fawn, and bow
 Their curv'd bodies, and with reverence, stand
 Creating Idols at their strict command
 With this restoring Oyle, they dulcifye
 The meanest trash that ever Shepherds eye
 Disdain'd; nay, oftentimes their Flocks doe fare
 No better then Chamelions in the ayre:
 Not having substance: but with forc't content,
 Making their Maundy with an empty sent.

PHILAM.

But Swain, me thinks, such kind of food should keep
 The thriving Shepherd fatter then his Sheepe

ARMIN.

True, Shepherd; they seeme lusty, though not full;
 But what they want in flesh, they finde in Wooll.

PHILAM.

But Swain, I wonder much they make not bold,
 Sometimes to straggle to another Fold,
 To mend so mean a diet.

ARMIN.

Every day,
 If not well watcht, some one or other stray
 To your rich Plains: where if by chance ere found
 They rue it dearely, though they scape the Pound.

PHILAM.

We are poor Tenants, Swain, the Pound's not ours,
 The Pound belongs to you, the Lordship's yours.

ARMIN.

ARMIN.

But Shepheard, when our rambling flocks oppresse
Your Vally pastures, they as well transgresse
Our Mountain laws, which when our Swains present,
Our righteous scales weighs out the punishment
Companion to th' offence; sometimes we fine,
Sometimes impound, and sometimes discipline
With sharper Censures: But what wrong is made
To you, our Lordship's sure to see you paid.

PHILAM.

W're paid indeed! your Lordship is so just,
That smooth-fac'd mercy oftentimes is thrust
From your too just Assemblies; but young Swain,
What if some stragglers in your fleecy train
Should chance to wanderto the Roman Fold?

ARMIN.

As oft they doe: why, Shepheard, we still hold
A faire compliance there; alas, we stand
On equall termes, not diff'ring much in Brand,
Nor soil, nor bone, nor number; Our proud Rams
Oft tup their Ewes, and then we share their Lambs;
And their's, by stealth, sometimes tup ours; and thus
As we did share their Lambs, they share with us;
That insomuch, not twice two Moons full past,
Unseene, I heard some conference, at last,
It was their mutuall vote, that that sleight sense
Which parts their neighb'ring hills were taken thence
By some indifferent hand; at length, concluded
That swift wing'd Time (whose crooked sicke intruded
Into the state of transitory things)

I 2

Would

Would doe the deed.

PHILAM. Heav'n clofe or clip his wings.
But tell me Swain (since thine own faire desert
Hath taught thee so much trust, as to impart
Thy treasur'd secrets in my faithfull eare)
What are thy Shepherds ways? Are they severe,
Reserv'd, and strict? Or gives he freer raines
To mirth and sports, as on our frolique Plaines
We Shepherds use?

ARMIN. Shepherd, the early dayes
Of my lifes Kalender can hardly rayse
So high a reck'ning to inform your eare
What his first wayes and new-launcht courses were;
Nor can my credit warrant the report
Of doubtfull Fame, which oftentimes comes short,
And oft exceeds the letter of the Truth;
But here 'tis voic'd that his ingenious youth
Was tutor'd first, and trained up in sweet
And sacred Learning at Gamaliels feet
Under that famous Chappell, (which they say
Was since repair'd, whose memory to this day
Is fresh in our Records) where twice at least
In every twicetwelve howers he came and blest
His hopefull fortunes; led a temperate life,
As far from idlenesse, as factious strife;
He was a painfull Shepherd, strict, severe,
And by report, a little too austere
Against those harinelesse sports and past'rall songs
And ceremonious Quintils, that belongs
To Shepherds rurall mirth, nay, more then so,
If fame be true, he was a Zelot too.
But since promotion rais'd him from the Plaines

To

To Mountaine service, where his flock remains
 Committed to my charge, his zeale abates,
 And richly cloth'd with Lordly silks he waites
 In Courts of Princes, revelling out his dayes
 In lavish feasts and frolique Roundelays,
 Carousing liberall healths to the deare name
 Of this rare Beauty, or that Courtly Dame;
 Commands, controls, usurps a power unknown,
 Makes Laws, and puffs, and Lords it up and down:
 That insomuch the Course he first began
 Is quite forgot, and he another man.

PHILAM. O Swain, methinks these ruffings ill besit
 A Shepherds cloth, the Riots they commit,
 Methinks should bring a scandall, and defame
 Their publique callings, and their private name.

ARMEN. Ah Shepherd, were their glory not too bright
 For scandall to eclipse, 'twould soon be night
 With their Profession, but the Clouds that rise
 Upon their darkned names so blurre the eyes
 Of their repute, that neighb'ring Swains deride
 The bubbling folly of their babbling Pride,
 Whilst passers by cry shame, when they behold
 Such burly Shepherds and so bare a Fold.
 Ah gentle Shepherd, how it gripes and wounds
 My bleeding soule to see our Mossy grounds
 Parcht up and burnt, for want of timely show'rs,
 Bought with our painfull Shepheards pray'rs, whilst
 Flourish and prosper, watred with the dew (yours

Of pleas'd heav'n's, that bleſſe both them and you !

PHILAM. True Swain, the gracious hand of heav'n hath bleſt
Our fruitfull Plains, my thriving ſtocks have reſt
And down-right feeding; what we gain we ſpend
With thankfull hearts, and what we ſpare we lend:
Roots are our food, and Ruſſet is our clothing;
We have but little; and we want for nothing:
Streams quench our thirſt, nor taſt we what's delicious;
Our brain's not buſie, nor our breſts ambitious,
We charm our cares, and chaunt away our ſorrow,
We live to day, and care not for to morrow:
Thrice bleſſed be our great God *Am*, that takes
A gracious pleaſure in our paines, and makes
Our labours proſperous, and with ſparing hand
Lends us enough, and courage to withſtand
The gripes of fortune, and her frowns, for which
Our lowly hearts ſhall fly as high a pitch,
As they that inſpe their more ambitious wings
With Eagles Phrynes, and mount to Thrones of Kings.
But Swain, I am transported, and I feare
Too long delay hath wrong'd your patient ear;
My promiſe hath engag'd me as your guide
To ſearch your ſtragglers that have ſtray'd aſide.

ARMIN. Your bleſt example hath preſcrib'd a way
To find my ſelfe that am the greater ſtray;
For which, fair Shepheard, may the heav'n's increaſe
Your perfect welfare in eternall peace.

EGLOG 7. The Shepherds Character 65

Thanks gentle Swain, and if our homely Plains
May give you pleasure, purchas'd by our pains,
Enjoy it freely: but the evening damp
Begins to fall, and heavens declining Lamp
Bespeaks the doubtfull twilight: day (grown old)
Invites the fowles to roost; my sheep to Fold.

EGLOGVE VII.

Schismaticus.
Adelphus.

How fare thy flocks, *Adelphus*? Doe they stand
All sound? And doe they prosper in thy hand?

Ad *Schismaticus*.
I hope they doe, their Pasture's green and fresh;
They'r of good bone, and meetly struck in flesh;
They bring faire Lambs, and fleeces white as snow,
Their Lambs are faire ones, and their fleeces too.

Schismaticus.
What makes thee then so sad? thy flocks so faire
And fleeces too, what makes thy fleece so bare?

Thy

66 *The Shepherds Oracles.* EGL. 7.

Thy cheekes so hollow, and thy sides so thin,
As if thy girdle had been taken in
By famine, for the want of belly stuffe
To fill them up

ADVL. The Sheppard's fat enough
That owes the flock; I doe but dresse his vine,
And tread the Presse; 'tis he that drinks the wine.

SCHIS.

Art thou his Lad? Or do'st thou serve for fee?
Wert ever bound to th' trade? Or art thou free?

ADVL.

Seaven yeares complear, I serv'd a jolly dame
Yclept *Cantabria*, whose illustrious name
Has fill'd the world, whose memorable Glory
Is made the subject of all Shepherds story:
For frolick Roundelayes, and past' rall songs,
And all those quaint devises that belongs
To Shepherds mirth, she bore the bell away;
Had *Thracian Orpheus* liv'd to seee her day,
How had the glory of his Art been dim?
Sure, he had follow'd her as beasts did him:
Seaven yeares I serv'd this jolly Dame, and she
At seaven yeares end was pleas'd to set me free:
Ere since I fisht in troubled streams, to get
Some poore employment, as she thought me fit
(After my seaven yeares bonds) to entertain;
Out fisht my patience, and yet fisht again:
My float lay still, whil'st other anglers took:
Indeed, I fisht not with a golden hook,
As others did; whereby I was compel'd

To

To flag my sailes, which late ambition swel'd
Above the power of my purse, and serve,
Like a poore hireling: better stoop then sterue.

SC H I S.

'Tis true, *Adelphus*; times are grown so bad,
Without that hook, there's nothing to be had;
But say, young Swain, what stipend does reward
Thy yearly paines? I know thy paines are hard.

A D E L.

There's nothing cheaper now, then poor mens swear;
Indeed my paines are not esteem'd too great
For twice ten yearly Royalls to requite,
And yet I ward all day, and watch all night.

SC H I S.

Gold, dearly purchas'd! Does thy paines obtain
No by-commendaes, no collaterall gain,
To raise and heighten up the slender wall
Of thy low fortunes?

A D E L.

Shepherd, none at all;
And that which grieves me most, my straggling sheep
Are apt to roame abroad; they will not keep
Their owne appointed limits; But they stray,
Rambling some one; and some, another way:
They love to change, and wander, God knows whither,
Like other flocks, they seldome feed together;
Whereby, to my great grief, they neither shew their
Good will to me, nor loyes to one another.

K

SC H I S.

S C E N E S.

Thou art but greene, *Adelphus*, and as yet
 A very Novice in the trade of wit:
 Time was, *Adelphus*, that my wants would whine
 And whimper in poore rags as well as thine;
 As small a girdle circled, and embrac'd
 The empty casket of my hidebound wast;
 My visage was as thin, my hollow cheeks
 As faithfull Almanacks of Emberweeks;
 But wise Experience, the beloved child
 Of Time and Observation, too exil'd
 My green wit folly, and endu'd my heart
 With the true knowledge of the Shepherds art;
 She taught me new devices, to enrich
 My flocks and me; (waies far above the pitch
 Of plaine, and triviall wits, and far exceeding
 The down-right discipline of common feeding)
 I tell thee, Swaine; before I learn'd this way,
 My rambling flocks would never fadge to stay
 Within my pastures; every thorne would beare
 A costly witnessse that they had been there;
 I sought about, but often sought in vaine;
 Some would be lost, and ne're come home againe:
 Others, unsought for, would perchance return
 With bags new strain'd, and fleeces newly shorn;
 Some hang'd on crooked bryers, where, unfed,
 Some were discover'd dying, others dead:
 Thus being a foole, like thee, I lost my sheep;
 They could not keep me, that I could not keep:
 But when as wise Experience had school'd me,
 And purg'd that common error that befool'd me,
 My flocks could love their feed, and leave to roame;

In

In stead of straying, there would thousands come
From other folds, that daily su'd to be
Accounted mine; and own'd no Swaine, but me:
That in short time, my fold was grown so full
That lamb was held no dainty; and my wooll
Waxt so abundant, that one moiety fill'd
A spacious room, which tother halfe did build.

ADEL.

I envy not thy wel-deserved store,
Ingenious Shepherd; I admire more
The secret of thy art, which if it be
To be repos'd, repose the trust in me:
My better'd fortunes, shall have cause to pay
Their vows, and blesse thy soule another day.

SCHIS.

Come then, sit down, *Adelphus*, and attend;
Thou hast desir'd, thou hast obtain'd a friend,
Who, in a word, shall give thee briefedirection,
Wherein, thy practice must produce perfection:
There is a glorious Island, call'd by name,
The Isle of *Mau*, a place of noted fame
For Merchants trading, rich and fairely stor'd
With all that forain Kingdomes can afford;
Vpon that Island is a City call'd
By th' name of *Kephalon*, round, richly wal'd
With polish'd Ivory, wherein does stand
The beaurty and the strength of all the land;
At th' upper end of *Microcosmus* street,
Neare to the Palace, where the Muses meet
In counsell, (as the heathnish Poets say)

There dwels, (well known to many a Shepheard swain)
 A man, by trade a Gardner, hight by name
Phantasmus; one whose curious hand can frame
 Rare knots, and quaint devises; that can make
 Confounding Labyrinths, will undertake
 To carve the lively shapes of fowle or beast
 In running streames; nay, what exceeds the rest,
 Will make ye gardens full of dainty flowers,
 Of strawbery banks, and sun-refisting bowers,
 Like cobwebs flying in the flitting aire;
 There is no seed of any thing that's rare,
 Forein or native, which by sea or land,
 Is not convey'd to his enquiring hand:
 Among the rest, (to draw a step more neare
 To what suspends thy long expecting eare)
 This Gardner has a seed, which schollers call
Idea; sweet in tast, and very small;
 It is a seed well known, and much despis'd
 By vulgar judgements; put as highly priz'd
 By men of art; a seed of wondrous might,
 And soverain vertue, being us'd aright;
 But most of all to Shepheards, that have care
 T'encrease their flocks, and keep their pastures faire.

And
 Neglect of what is good, is goods abuse;
 But tell me how it makes for Shepheards use:

See
 This seed being scatter'd on the barest grounds,
 Shoots up a sudden leafe, which leafe abounds
 With precious moisture; 'Tis, at first, but slender,
 Like

Like spiny grasse, of nature soft and tender,
 And apt to chill with every blast of aire,
 Vnlesse the skilfull Swaine take speciall care
 To keep it close, and cover'd from the blast
 Of Easterne winds; and then it thrives so fast,
 And spreads abroad so rank, that frost nor fire
 Can make it fade; and trod; it mounts the higher;
 'Tis call'd *Opinion*; 'Tis a curious feed
 That sheep doe most delight in; and indeed,
 Is so delicious pleasing to the tast,
 That they account it but a second fast
 To feed, or graze on any food but that;
 It makes them in a fortnights space as fat,
 As full of thriving moisture, and appeare
 As faire as those that pasture all the yeare;
 It is so fragrant, that the sent provokes
 The lingring appetite of neighbring flocks
 To prove unknown delight; nor hedge, nor ditch,
 Can be a fence sufficient to the Itch
 Of their invited stomacks; they will come
 From other folds, and make thy fold their home.

AD B. L.
 But where's the profit, Shepherd, where's the gain?
 He feeds but ill, that finds no price, but pain.

AD B. L.
 He's but a silly Cook that wists not how
 To lick his fingers; he deserves no Cow
 That kens not how to milke; nor he, a fold
 That cannot sheare; he that complains of cold,
 And has a lib'rall woodstack in his yard,
 May freeze, unpitied, and lament, unheard.

AD III.
True, gentle Shepherd; but ill gotten wealth
Ill thrives; better be cold then warm by stealth.

SC III.
Thou art a novice; Swaine, thou need'st not take
Vngiven; nor yet, with humble suits awake
Their charity; when they have found the smack
Of thy delicious pasture, thou shalt lack
No good, that they can give; on every bryer
They'l hang their fleeces for thee; they'l conspire
To yeane their jolly Lambs within thy cot,
To make them thine; In brieft, what will they not?

AD IV.
But tell me, Shepherd; will this dainry feed
Make them but seeming fat, or fat indeed?

SC IV.
What's that to us, if they appeare but so?
Their Lambs are faire; their fleeces white as snow;
They thrive; are fruitfull, and encrease our store;
What need a curious Shepherd question more?
What, if their skins be past? no eye can see't:
What, if their flesh be rind? their Lambs are sweet
If plump and fruitfull, whether bloat, or fat,
We take no care; let Butchers look to that:
They bear nor fleece, nor lamkin being stead;
Swain, 'tis the quick we live by, nor the dead.

AD V.
But I have heard some learned Shepherds say,
There

There is a statute, that forbids this way
Of feeding sheep: there dwels, not far from hence,
A Shepherd, lately question'd for th' offence.

Let tim'rous fooles feare statutes; Swain, I know
The worst that statutes have the power to doe;
They speake big words, will threaten to deprive,
Imprison, fine, and then perchance connive:
Twice have I star'd the stern-brow'd high Commission
In th' open face, in leuell opposition
The first time they depriv'd me of my Crook;
Dispoil'd me of my fruitfull flocks; they took
My thriving pastures from me; even proceeding
To the height of law, to bind my hands from feeding;
But 'twas no high Commission cords could ty
My hands so fast, in publike, but that I
Could slip the knot in private; I did keep
No flocks abroad, but, then, I hous'd my sheep;
I fed in corners, slipt my wethers bell
From off his lofty crest, that none could tell
Our secret meetings; there, my flocks would come,
Sometimes, perchance, and toll an Ewe from home,
T'enrich my fold; and now my gains were more,
Being thus depriv'd; then ere they were before
But soon my private practice was discryd
By a false-hearted brother, who envy'd
My prosperous state; and under hand did call
My yeelding cause to try a second fall
With th' high Commission, whose censures blast
Confin'd me, fin'd me, and severely past
Next market day, he wint mine eares and me

A firm divorce perpetually to be.

AD 1.

Gain dearly bought ! In my opinion, Swain,
The profit counterpoyses not the pain ;
I hold more sweetnesse in a poore estate ;
Then treasure, purchas'd at so deare a rate :
The day was faire, till the foule evening soil'd it ;
The Play was good, untill the last act spoil'd it :
Tis a false trade, that flatters at the first
With peace, and wealth, and makes last daies the worst.

SO 1.

Be not deceiv'd, *Adelphus*, bolts and chains
Make Shepherds prisoners, but enlarge their gains :
Wher wealth comes trowling, pains are princely sports,
Bands are but golden bracelets, Jails, but Courts ;
I tell thee, Swain, (I speake it to the praise
Of Charity) I never breath'd such daies,
As when the voice of Law enjoyn'd my feet
To tread the curious Lab'rinth of the Fleet ;
Full diet came, unsought, my bounteous dish
Deny'd no delicacies, that flesh or fish
Could yeeld, the sporting Lamb, the friskin Kid,
The tripping Pawn, the sucking Lev reudid
Present themselves before my smiling eyes,
A morning, or an evening sacrifice :
The sea-born Sturgeon, and the broad-side Bream,
The wary Trout, that thrives against the stream ;
The well grown Carp, full laden with her spawn ;
The scarlet Lobster, and the pricknos'd Prawn,
Oyle-sleep'd Anchovis, landed from his brine,

Came

Came freely swimming in red seas of wine;
 The brawny Capon, and the full egg'd Hen,
 The stream-fed Swan, the Malard of the Fen,
 The costly Plover, and the mounting Lark;
 Furnisht my table like another Ark:
 Come, come, *Adelphus*, prisons are no more
 Then scare-bugs to fright children from the dore
 Of their preferment; Linits in the cage
 Sit warm, and full, when flyers feel the rage
 Of frost, and famine; they can sit, and sing
 Whil'st others droop, and hang the feeble wing:
 Besides, the name of prison breeds remorse
 In such as meerly know it by discourse;
 It moves compassion from the tender City,
 When we deserve their envy, more then pity.

Adelphus
 I, but me thinks, such bulk-improving ease,
 Join'd with such pamp'ring delicates as these,
 Should bouldster upthy brawny cheeks, and place
 Such lusty characters upon the face
 Of prosp'rous welfare, that an easie eye
 Could find no object for her charity.

Schris
 Who cannot force complaint without a grieve,
 May grieve in earn't, and pine without reliefe:
 When gentle Novices bring their bounties in,
 We suck our cheeks, to make our cheeks look thin;
 Put on our fustian night-caps, and compose
 Strange rufull faces; whimper in the nose;
 Turn up the eye, and justifie our Cause

L

Against

Against the strictnesse of severer lawes,
 O, how these tender-hearted fools partake
 In our distresse! how sadly they will shake
 Their sorrow-pallid heads, and sigh and whine,
 To see poor hunger-bitten Christians pine,
 In the sad Jaile! whereas we spend the day
 As frolick, feast, and sleep as soft as they.

If Prisons be forgainfull, what offence
 Took thy discretion to remove thee thence?

S E N T E.

Fair hopes of fairer fortunes, which, in thou,
 My tongue shall take the freedom to report,
 There was a hopefull voyage (late intended
 For new Plantation) to a place commended
 By common voice, and blaz'd above all other
 For far, and fruitfull soile (the joyfull mother
 Of fair and peacefull plenty) call'd by name
Nov' Anglia; If the partial blast of fame
 Be not too vainly lavish, and out-blows
 The truth too much, it is a land that flows
 With milke and honey, and (conceiv'd of some)
 By good manuring, may, in time, become
 A second land of *Canaan*, to which end
 There is a holy people, that intend
 To sell incircled estates, and to remove
 Their faithfull households thither, to improve
 Their better'd fortunes, being resolv'd to keep
 (As our forefathers did in *Canaan*) sheep;
 This hopefull voyage was the cord, that drew me

From

From Prison; but this voyage overthrew me:
 I thought that my delicious kind of feed
 Had been a dainty there; I thought, my seed
 Had bin unknown in that unplanted clime;
 I hop'd that in the small extent of time,
 (Being out of reach of Law, and uncontroll'd
 By high Commissions) my frequented fold
 Might soon engross the flocks of every soile,
 And made me supream Lord of all the Isle;
 But when I came to practice, every Swain
 Was master of my Art, and every plain
 Brought forth my secret; now the common pasture
 Of all the Land, and every Hind's a Master.

AD 11.

Thanks, gentle Shepherd, for thy faire discourse;
 The fiery Chariot now declines her course,
 And hot-mouth'd Phlegon bowes his Crest, to coole
 His flaming nostrils in the Western Poole:
 My closing lips must plead a debt, and pray
 Your courteous patience till another day;
 I feare, my flocks will think their Swain too bold
 To keep them longer from their quiet fold.

L² EGLOGVE.

EGLOGVE VIII.

Anarchus.
Canonius.

GRaze on my sheepe, and let your soules desire
 The food of common shepherds; come not nigh
 The Babylonish Pastures of this Nation;
 They are all heathenish; all abomination;
 Their Pastors are prophane, and they have trod
 The steps of *Belial*, not the ways of God.
 You are a chosen, a peculiar crew;
 That blessed handfull; that selected few
 That shall have entrance; set apart and gifted
 For holy exercises, cleans'd and sifted;
 Like flowre from bran, and separated from the coats
 Of the un sanctified, like sheep from goats.
 But who comes here? my Lambs, why graze ye thus?
 Why stand ye frightened? 'Tis *Canonius*.

CAN.
 God-morrow, Swain, God keep thee from the sorrow
 Of a sad day; What speechlesse? Swain, God-morrow:
 What, Shepheard, not a word to entertain
 The wishes of a friend? God-morrow, Swain:

Not

Not yet? What mean these silent Common-places
Of strange aspects? what mean these antick faces?
I feare, his costive words, too great for vent,
Stick in his throat; how like a Jack-a-lent
He stands, for boys to spend their shrovetide throws,
Or like a Puppit, made to frighten Crows!

ANAR.

Thou art a limb of Satan; and thy throat
A sink of poyson; thy Canonick coat
Is nothing but a livery of the Beast;
Thy language is prophane, and I detest
Thy finfull greetings, and that heath'nish fashion
Of this your Antichristian salutation.
In briebe, God keep me from the greater sorrow
Of thee; and from the curse of thy God-morrow.

CAN.

How now, *Anarchus*? Has thy hungry zeale
Devoured all the manners at a meale?
No Scraps remain? Or has th'unfruitfull yeare
Made charity so scarce, and love so deare,
That none's allow'd, upon the sleight occasion
Of enterview, or civill salutation?
Is thy store hoarded up? or is it spent?
Wilt thou vent none? or hast thou none to vent?
The curse of my God-morrow? 'Tis most true,
Gods blessing proves a curse to such as you.

ANAR.

To such as we? Goe, save your breath, to blow
Your vain Cathedrall Bagpipes, and bestow

Your trivall pray'rs on those that cannot pray
 Without their spectacles; that cannot say
 Their unregarded prayers, unlesse they hold
 The Let'ny, or the charms of *Sorrecold*
 Before their purblind eyes; that disinherit
 Their soules of freedome, and renounce the Spirit;
 Perchance, your idle prayers may finde an care
 With them; Go spend your vain Godmorrrows there.

Art thou thy selfe, *Anarchus*? Is thy heart
 Acquainted with that tongue, that does impart
 This brain-sick language? could thy passion lend
 No sleighter subject, for thy breath to spend
 Her Alpine venome at, but that, alone,
 That shuts and opens the Eternall Throne
 Of the Eternall God? Is prayer become
 So poore a guest, to be deny'd a roome
 In thy opinion: to be scorn'd, contemn'd, (denn'd
 Like school-boyes Theams, whose errors have con-
 The guilty Truant to the Masters Rod?
 Can that displease thee, that delights thy God?

Thou child of wrath, and fierbrand of Hell,
 Flows wholsome water from a tainted Well?
 Or can those prayers be pleasing, that proceed
 From unregen'rate breasts? Can a soul weed
 Delight the smell? or ugly shapes, the view?
 I say, your prayers are all prophane, like you;
 They'r like that heath'nish Ruffe of thine, that perks
 Upon thy stiffe-neck collar, prinkt with ferks

Of studied wit, starcht with strong lines, and put
In a set Form of th' Antichristian Cut.

C A N.

Consult with Reason, Shepherd, and advise;
Call home thy senses, and cast back thine eyes
On former daies; No doubt, but there were they
That liv'd as sanctimonious, that could pray,
Lift up as holy hands, and did inherit
As great a share, and freedome of the Spirit,
As you; and these could count it no disgrace
To their profession, in a publike place,
To use set Forms; did not their wisdoms doe
What you condemn, nay more prescribe it too,
(Yet neither quench'd, nor wrong'd the sacred motion
Of the prompt Spirit) as helps to dull devotion?
Nay, more; has not th' unanimous consent
Of all reformed Churches (to prevent
Confused babling, and to dishonour
Prepost'rous Service) bred us to a Form
Of Common Prayer, prayers so divinely penn'd,
That humane Eloquence does even contend
With heavenly Majesty, whilst both conspire
To kindle zeale, and to inflame desire?

A N A S.

The Book of Common Prayer: what tell'st thou me
Of that? My soule defies both that and thee:
Thou art *Baale* Priest, and that vain Book's no more
Then a meer Relique of the Roman Whore:
Me thinks a Christian tongue should blush to
To name such trash, I spare to heare it nam'd:

Tell

Tell me of Common Prayers: the midnight yelp
 Of *Ba!* my Bando is as great a help
 To raise devotion in a Christians breast,
 As that; the very language of the Beast;
 That old worn Masse-book of the new Edition;
 That Romish rabble, full of Superstition;
 That paper Idol; that enchanting spell;
 That printed Image, sent from Rome, from Hell;
 That broad-fac'd Owle, upon a carved Perch;
 That *Bel* and *Dragon* of the English Church.

CAN.

Be not too lavish, Shepherd; halfe this stuffe
 Will make a coat, to prove thee fool enough:
 Hold, hold: thy brain-sick language does bewray
 The selfe-same spirit, whether rayle or pray:
 For fooles that rave, and rage, not knowing, why,
 A scourge is far more fit, then a reply.
 But say, *Anarchus*, (if it be not treason
 Against discretion, to demand a reason
 From franctick tongues) resolve me, Shepherd, why
 This Book is grown so odious in thine eye?

ANAR.

Because it is an Idoll, whereunto
 You bend your idle knees, as Papists doe
 To their lewd Images.

CAN.

I, but we pray
 Not to, but by it;

ANAR.

Just so, Papists say:

JlT

Say,

Say, in what place th' Apostles ever did
Command *Set Forme*?

CAN.

Where was *Set Forme* forbid?
What text commanded you to exercise
Your function over Tables? Or baptise
In Basons? What Apostle taught your tongue
To gibe at Bishops? Or to vex and wrong
Your mother Church? Who taught you to oppose
Your Rulers? Or to whimper in the nose?
But since you call for Precedents, (although
'Tis more then our safe practice need to show)
Read, to what Blessing that blest Saint commends
The holy Church, saluted at the ends
Of all his sweet Epistles; or if these
Suffice not, may your greater wisdoms please
To step into the Law, and read th' expresse
Commanded * Form, wherein the Priest must blesse
The parting people; can thy brazen brow
Deny all this? What refuge have ye now?
Y're gone by Law and Gospel, they both us'd
Set Form; What Scripture now must be abus'd?

* Numb.
6. 23.

ANAR.

Well, if the Lord be pleased to allow
Set Formes to Prophets, are they set to you?
Or have ye so much boldnesse to compare
A Prelats prating, to a Prophets Pray'r?

Can
O that some equall hearer now were by
To laugh his treble share, as well as I!

M

Examples

Examples are demanded ; which, being given,
 We must not follow : Giddy brains ! beneaven
 Of common sense ! where heaven does make no mentio,
 You style it with the term of mans invention :
 Where heaven commandeth, and is pleas'd to hallow
 With blest examples, there we must not follow.

ANAR.

So heaven (by blest examples) did enjoine
 Your bended knees to worship Bread, and Wine?

CAN.

When your croffe-garted knees fall down before
 Your Parlour-table, what doe you adore?

ANAR.

So heaven commands, by conjuring words to bring
 Vow'd hands together, with a hallow'd Ring :

CAN.

'Tis true, your fiery zeals cannot abide
 Long circumstance ; your doctrin's, *Up and Ride.*

ANAR.

So heaven commanded, that religious praise
 Be given to Saints, and worship to their daies :

CAN.

Whom you condemn, because they did not preach
 Those Doctrines, that your Western Parlours teach.

M

ANAR.

So heaven commanded Bishops, and the rest
Of that lewd Rank, ranck members of the Beast ?

CAN.

I, heaven commanded such, and gave them power-
To scourge, and check such ill-pac'd Beasts as you are.

ANAR.

So heaven commanded, that the *high Commission*
Should plague poor Christians, like the *Inquisition* ?

CAN.

Your plagues are what your owne behaviours urge ;
None, but the guilty, raile against the Scourge.

ANAR.

So heaven commands your prayers, that buried dust
Of Whores and Theeves should triumph with the Just ?

CAN.

Man may not censure by externall view ;
Forbear ; we, sometimes, pray for some of you.

ANAR.

So heaven commands your *Paintings, Pipes, & Copes*,
Us'd in your Churches, and ordain'd by Popes ?

CAN.

Where Popish hands have rais'd in every town
A Parish Church, shall we pull Churches down ?
But come *Anarchus*, let us leave to play

At childish Pushpin; Come, let not the day
 Be lost in Trifles, to a fruitlesse end;
 Let's fall to hotter service, and contend
 By more substantiall argument, whose weight
 May vindicate the truth from light conceit;
 Let's try a *Syllogisme*; (Art infuses
 Spirit into the children of the Muses)
 Whereby stout error shall be forc'd to yield,
 And Truth shall sit sole Mistresse of the field.

A N A R.

Art me no Arts; that which the Spirit infuses
 Shall edge my tongue: what tell'st thou me of Muses;
 Those Pagan Gods; the Authours of your Schismes?
 P'rh! tell not me of Arts, and *Syllogismes*;
 I care not for your Quirks, and new devices
 Of studied wit: we use to play our prizes,
 With common weapons; and with downright knocks,
 We beat down Sin, and Error, like an Oxe;
 And cut the throat of heath'nish Pop'ry too,
 Like Calves, prepar'd for slaughter; so we doe:
 We rash in in sunder Heresie, like an Ell
 Of Sarc'net, then convey it down to Hell:
 We take just measure of a Christians heart,
 By th'yard of Judgement; then, by dexterous Art
 We cut out doctrines, and from notch to notch
 We fit our holy Stuffle, (we doe not borch
 Like you; but make it jump, that it be neither
 Too wide nor strait) then stitch it up together,
 And make a robe of Sanctity, to fit
 The child of Grace, we medle not with wit:
 These be the means that overthrow our Schismes,

And

And build Religion, without *Sigilism*.

CAN.

A rare device! But tell me, wert thou made
A Butcher, or a Tayler by thy trade?
I look'd for Schoollership; but it appears,
Hoods make no Monks; nor Beards, Philosophers.

ANNALS.

Surely, I was, at first, by Occupation;
A Merchant Tayler, till that louder falshion
Of Spanish Castocks grew into request,
When having left that Calling, I profess'd
A Chaunler, where I was employ'd to vent
That hellish Smoke, whose most unsavory scent
Perfum'd my garments so, that I began
To be conceiv'd an Unregenerate man
Which cal'd me from that course of life, to trade
In tape and jackle, ere I year'd and day'd
This new employment, O! a strange mischance
Orethrew my dealings; which did disavance
My meane estate, and whereupon, I fled
To *Amsterdam*; where being trencher-fed
By holy Brethren, liv'd in great respect
Sr. Rev'ence, footing stockings for the Fleet
Surely the favour of the Brethrens feet
Perfum'd with commings in, is very sweet
There, twice six months I had not led my life
But I became an Husband to a Wife,
The widow of an Elder, in whose stead
I was, (though I could neither write, nor read)
Accounted worthy (though I say't) and able

To preach the Gospell at our holy Table.

C. A. N.

(thee

But say what strange mischance was that, did move
To flee thy native soile: What mischief drove thee
What dire disaster, to thy skilfull hand
To find employment in a forain Land?

A. N. A. N.

Surely I was when that mischance befell, I
But poore impaire, and was constrain'd to sell
Cadice and Inckle; now became my trade
Requir'd an help, I entertain'd a Maide
An able Christian, (though I say T) Begot
Of holy Parents, (though the nuptiall knot
Of ceremonious Marriage never tyed
Their joynd hands) She was a Sanctified
And undefiled Vellell; She would pray,
When others slept, and work when others play:
She was of excellent knowledge, and, indeed,
She could expound, and preach too, for a need:
She was my servant, and set up my trade
With her owne hands; her skilfull fingers made
The Tape and Inckle, where withall she stor'd
My thriving shop; whereby, I did afford
My Brethren better penny-worths, nay, more,
She had a gift, it was all the City ore
Well known, in making Puddings, whose nicer view
Would make a Proselyte, and convert a Jew
Whose new Religion would proclaim our Hogs
As clean (and holy as their Symbbones)
These would she beare from house to house, and sell

To

To holy Brethren, who would please her well;
 For under that pretence, she oft repeated
 Some close preach't Sermon, oftentimes corrected
 Of holy discipline, sometimes gave warning
 Of some rare Lecture held next Thursday morning
 I know not how, (frail flesh and blood ye know
 Can doe no more, then flesh and blood can doe)
 But to be short, she would so often fig
 From place to place, that she was grown too big
 To be conceal'd from wicked neighbouring eyes,
 To avoid the scandal, I thought good thus,
 And flee to Amsterdam, till I could gather,
 By information, the repused Father.

A wholsome Hift'ry : able to transforme
 Abus'd Religions sunshine to a storme
 Of direfull Thunderbolts, to overthrow
 All Christian Rulers, that dare longer ow
 Confusion to the Varlers, and not grind them
 To dust, and send them to the place design'd them:
 Had'st thou that impudence, that brazen face,
 In the fag end of thy unsav'ry, base,
 Triobular trades (foule beast,) nay, piping hot
 From thy close Strumper, thus to soile, and blot,
 The beauty of Religion, and to wrong
 The Gospels name with thy illiterate tongue

Were worth a possib'le Fishers, and not by
 Their trades, and not by their illiterate by

Avoid, presumptuous Varlet; urge no more
 My tyred patience; Goe, seek out thy Whore,
 Thy fit Compers, and exercise thy trade
 Upon her ruin'd stockings, much decay'd
 With long pursuit, and trudging all about
 To find the Father of her Bassard our;
 Whil'ft I remove my Zenith, and goe hence,
 To waile this fruitlesse howers misexpend;
 And pray to heaven, that heaven would please to keep
 Such Goats still separated from my sheep.

EGLOGVE IX.

This is the place, the hower, & this the tree,
 Beneath whose hospitable shades, must be
 This challeng'd combat, but the champions stay
 Exceeds their limits; 'Tis an Equall lay
 That neither comes they were to lay last night
 'Tis like their quarrell ended with the light
 But who comes yonder? Look, me thinks't should be,
 By's

By's gate, *Romans*; No, 'tis not, 'tis he: how Lord
 Methinks his posture prophesies of *Palmer*
 Beforeth encounter, see, how sweet imbalmes
 His varnish'd Temples! How each envious pace
 Vies to be first, and etches for the place!
 He's neer at hand, Champion let faire applause
 Crown your intended comba, let your Cause
 Thrive as it merits, let this morning jarre
 Bring forth an evening peace, the child of warre!
 Let Truth prevaile, at last, and let heaven send,
 First, a faire Enemy; next, a faithfull Friend.

R O M A N

Thanks, gentle *Index*, for the last, I durst
 Assure my selfe in thee: but where's the first? Crown
 Where's our brave enemy? whose very breath,
 Last night, could puff an Heretick to death,
 Then by the vertue of *St. Paul's* name;
 Could snatch a well broyl'd soule from the sad flame
 Of *Purgatory*, from the sulph'rous flashes
 Of hells hot suburbs, and inspire his ashes
 With a new Catholike soule; whose knee shall gain
 Salvation from a Puppit, for the pain
 Of twenty *Pater nosters*; and thrice seven
 Repeated *Ave's* to the *Queen* of heaven:
 But look; am I deceiv'd? or doe I see
 Our *Boanerges* comming?

Quint For help, nor does her cause I will
 But like a *Queen* Palace royall:
 To judge betwixt the *Royal* the *Loyall*:
 'Tis he, Heaven grant that his discourse may grace
 A measure but as sober as his pace

N

Lord,

Lord, how his tongue late evening shot at rover
 Sometimes, how wide it shot ! how sometimes, over !
 How like a new broke Colt, he pranc't about !
 Sometimes kept orderly, sometimes flew out :
 His hot-mouth'd argument, would for a space
 Strike a good stroke, then straight forsake his pace :
 How his discretion sunk, while his tongue floated !
 His wit false gallop'd, while his judgment trotted.
 But here he comes.

I. Ind. The blessings of the day
 Greet thee.

FLAM.

And let the glory of the fray
 Crown my triumphant browes with conquest :
 Take my God-morrow first, and then inherit
 The Crown that shall be purchas'd by the merit,
 And justnesse of thy well-defended cause.

The like to thee.

I. Ind. Border the chiefe applauses
 Be given to Truth, which must and will prevail,
 How ever you defend, or the assails :
 She does not like a thredbare Client, sue
 For help, nor does her cause subsist by you :
 But like a Queen, sit in her Palace royall :
 To judge betwixt the Rebel and the Loyall :
 Then quitte your selves, and let the day proclaim,
 Who's the true Subject, Truth is still the same.

Eto. I. *VI* *Romastin*

Romastix this your first arrivall here,
Gives you precedence: you shall truly swear,
No private grudge, nor no malicious end
Of base revenge did move you to contend
In these fair lists, no itch of vaine applause,
But a true thirst, to advance the publike cause.

R O M.

I doe.

I u d.

And you *Flambello* too, shall swear,
You try this comba, with a conscience cleare
From by-respects of preadvifed hate,
Or spleen, of later, or of elder date,
And that you aime not at a private foe,
But at the glory of the Truth.

F L A M.

I doe.

I u d.

Then Champions, too, you cannot be too stern
In Truths behalfe, 'tis best to be altern;
For mutuall language works a faire conclusion:
Truth is the Queene of order; not confusion!

R O M.

I here appeach *Flambello*, as a High-
-Traitor to the sacred Crown, and dignity
Of Sovereign Truth, a Rebel to her Lawes,
A private *Judas* to the publike Cause.

N.

F L A M.

Blister on his tongue that speaks it ! he that durst
Proclaim, and not maintain it, be accurst.

They'r Traitors, rob their Sovereign of their due ;
You doe the same ; and therefore such are you.

FLAM.

You argue with lesse Charity, then Art ;
You halting Minor's false as your own heart.

He that invests another in the Throne
Of Truth ; or owns a Prince, but Truth alone,
Robs his own Sovereign ; but such are you ;
You therefore rob your Sovereign of her due.

FLAM.

You plead for Truth ; and yet you speake beside
The text of Truth, your Minor is deny'd

They that prefer their own brain-bred Traditions,
Before her perfect Laws ; make, here, additions ;
And, there, Abstractions from her sacred hefts,
Depose the old, and a new Prince invests ;
But you prefer Traditions, therefore you
Depose the old Prince, and invest a new

FLAM.

The selfe-same Spirit that inspir'd the words.

Of holy Prophets in old time, affords
Vndoubted Truth to the most just Traditions
Of holy Counsels, whose divine Commissions
Make it a perfect Truth, which they averre
Confirmed by a Head that cannot erre.

R O M.

Admit all this; Can very Truth take place
Of very Truth? Has Truth a double face?
How can the wavering will of man be guided
Betwixt two Spirits; at least, one Sp^rit divided?
But say; upon what shoulders grows that Head
That cannot erre: that cannot be misled?
What is he? Where is his abode? That I
May bow my knees, and worship ere I dye.

F L A M.

It is our holy Father; He, that keeps
The keys of Heaven, and of th^e Infernall deeps;
He that his power, with those sacred keyes,
To open heaven, and lock it when he please;
To open hels broad portals, and let out
His dire Anathemas to scourge the stout
Rebellious heart, and Legions, to devour
All such as will not prostrate to his power;
And high omnipotency, but rebell
Against the Chamberlaine of Heaven:

R O M.

And Hell:

But tell me to what sort of souls does he
Expand the Gates of heaven?

R O M.

N 3

Obedient.

Your

Obedient to his lawes; whole purged hearts
Have felt the flames of Purgatory, and smart
Of holy Penance, that observe and do
All things his Holinesse enjoyns them to:
The gates of Heaven stand ope for such as these.

R O M.

If he be paid for turning of the keyes:
What sort of sins unlock the gates of Hell?

F L A M.

The disobedient hearts, that puffe and swell
Against his government; to such as dare
Question the Councels of our holy Chaire:
To Hereticks; and such as plot revenge;
These are the Card nall sins, that greaze the henge.

R O M.

But what betides to riotous Gluttons, then,
Hell-tutor'd Sorcerers, and incestuous men?
Unnat' rall Sodomites, and the brasse-brow'd Lye:
Those that give false Commissions, nay, and hyer
Perverted Subjects to dissolve their bands
Of abjur'd Loyalty, and lay violent hands
On their own Princes: Are th' Infernall keyes
Lesse nimble to unlock Hells gate for these?

F L A M.

These break the dores, and rend the portals ope,
Unlesse the grace of our Lord God the Pope
Give former Dispensation; or at least
An after Pardon.

R O M.

I conctiv'd, the best
Your

Your Al-sufficient Popes could doe, had bin,
 God-like to pardon a forsaken sin,
 But to afford a Dispensation too
 For after crimes, is more then heaven will doe:
 No wonder, then, the Councels of your Chaire
 Claim the right hand, and your Traditions dare
 Take place of Scripture, when that God of yours,
 That cannot erre, is stronger arm'd, then ours.

FLAM.

It stands not with obedience to aspire
 Unto such holy heights, as to enquire
 Into the sacred secrets of the Chaire;
 All Champions must lay down their weapons, there:
 Doubts cool devotion; and the good digestion
 Of Catholiques faith is hinder'd, where we question.

ROM.

Such dainty stomachs, as are daily fill'd
 With costly delicates, are easily chill'd;
 When faith can feed upon no lower things
 Then Crowns dissolv'd, and drink the blood of Kings,
 Experience tels, that oftentimes digestion
 Finds strange obstructions, where Indisements question:
 But since your guilt (beneath the faire pretence
 Of filiall silence) leave ye no defence
 From your reposed weapons, breath a space
 And take up new ones, which may plead your case
 (With the quick spirit of a keener edge)
 Against the foule approach of Sacriledge:
 That Bread of life, which with a lib'ral hand,
 Heaven made a common gift, you countermand;

And what his bounty car'd to every one,
 You falsly challenge to your selves alone;
 He gives his children loaves; where you afford
 But crums, being fed, like dogs, beneath your board;
 That holy draught, that Sacramentall Cup,
 Which heaven divides among them, you drink up:
 You are Imposters, and delude poor soules,
 And what your pamper'd Prelates swill in Bowles,
 Like Fooles, you send them to exhaust from dead
 And pallid veines of your incarnate Bread.

FLAM.

First, for the Bread, which your false tongues averre
 We ravish from the childrens lips, you erre:
 Your censures misinterpret our intent;
 We doe but dresse the Grist, that heaven hath sent;
 And, by our mixture, raise a sweeter Paste,
 To adde a pleasure to the childrens taste:
 Next, for that sacred Blood, you grossly term,
 By th' name of Wine; which, rudely you affirm,
 Our pamper'd Prelates swill in lusty Bowles,
 And after, send our poor deluded soules
 To suck; to suck in vain from out the dead
 And pallid veines of our incarnate Bread;
 You show your wilddomes: It is living flesh,
 Wherein are living Streams, that doe refresh
 The drooping soule; A perfect Sacrifice
 Of perfect Flesh and Blood, in Breads disguise.

ROD.

Your double answer wants a single force:
 And is the Grist of heaven become so coarse

EnA

To

To need your sifting ? Can your mixtures add
 A sweetnesse to it, which it never had ?
 Your Chaire (whose brow hath brasie enough, to call
 Saint *Pauls* Epistles, Heresies, and Saint *Paul*
 A hare-brain'd Schismatick, and once projected,
 To have his Errors purg'd, and Text corrected)
 May easily tax, and censure all the rest,
 Being all indited by the selfe-same brest :
 But is that Body living, that ye teare
 With your ranck teeth ? How worse doe you appeare
 Then Canibals, to be an Vndertaker
 In that foule act, to eat, to grind your Maker !
 Your double answer does abridge the story
 Of the true Passion of the Lord of Glory ;
 Your first condemns him ; and, (the sentence past)
 You boldly ercricise him, in your last :
 But is it reall flesh, ye thus devour ;
 Timber'd with bones ; and like this flesh of our ?
 Say ; doe you eat, and grind it, Flesh and Bone ?
 Or like an unchew'd Pill, but swallow down ?
 If onely swallow ; Champion, you compleat not
 Your work : You take the Body, but you eat not :
 If eat ; you falsifie what heaven hath spoken ;
 Can you eat bones, and yet a bone not broken ?
 But tell me, tell me, what was he that first
 Did make so bold, to make himselfe accurst,
 To rob the Decalogue, and to withdraw
 The second Statute from the Morall Law
 Why was that Statute thought a worse offence
 Then all the rest ? Could not your Chair dispence
 With that as safely as with all the rest ?
 What has that Statute done ? wherein transgress,

That you have made the Tables too too hot
To hold it? Champion, speake, why speakest thou not

Supetious powers, that have large Commission
To judge, conceive is but a repitition

Of the first Statute, and thought fit to take
It thence for brevity, for corruption sake.

Corruption sake: Did never word disclose
From Roman lips more true: what tongue ere chose

A term more proper, that more full exprest
Th' Idea of a well composed brest

I with no greater conquest, or confession
Of a fair truth, then from a foes confession.

You boast too soon, Take heed your vain conceits
Betools you not with a false Amity

Ill-grounded triumphs are but breaths expense
Fools catch at words, but wise men at the sense.

Content thee, Champion, every gamester knows,
That falsities are Play, as well as blows

But tell me now, If such abstraction draws
A curse upon th' Abstractor from those lawes

How can your Councils scape this judgment then,
That have kill'd the Second from the Ten

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A curse upon th' Abstractor from those lawes

FLAM.

Their number's ne're the lesse, for where we smother
One Statute, we dichotomize another.

ROM.

Then, Champion, there's a double curse you know
One, for abstracting, one, for adding to
But to proceed, what law of God denies
The bands of marriage? What exception dits
That undoes'd, that honourable life
From Priestly Orders? *Adam* had his wife,
And he, from whom yee claim (but claim amiss)
The free succession of your keys, had his
Heavens Statute qualifies all sorts of men,
How came ye to repeale that Statute then?

FLAM.

Marriage is but an Antidote for lust,
It is ordain'd for such as dare not trust
The frailty of their bodies, or want art
To quench the roving tempters fiery dart:
But such, whose vessels Prayer, and Fasting keeps
Unsoild and pure, where idle blood ne're creeps
Into their wanton veins, they can restrain
Base lust, so such, this Antidote is vaine
Such be our sacred Priests, whose horned knees
Are seldome freight, but pay their howling fees
To the worn ground, whose Emb'ling lips send up
Perperuall vows, whose wine-absorbing cup
Yeelds no delight, whose stomachs are content
To celebrate an everlasting Lent.

ROM. 7

Say, Champion then, for what respect for whom,
 Are Brothels licens'd by the lawes of Rome?
 Laymen may wed; there, licence is unjust,
 Where Law allowes a remedy for lust:
 But if your Priesthood be so undefil'd,
 How came, that pamp'rd Pope, (the onely child
 Of his long since deceased Syre) to own
 So many jolly nephewes, whose unknown
 And doubtfull Parentage, truth fear'd to blaze;
 Vntill the next succeeding Prelates daies?
 How is't such vaulted Entries have been found,
 Affording secret passage, under ground,
 (With pathes deluding *dry* shooles and eyes)
 Betwixt your Abbies, and your Nunneries?
 How came the depths of your deep throated Wells,
 (Where utter shades, and empty horror dwells)
 To yeeld such Reliques, and in stead of bones,
 To be impav'd with new borne infants bones?

Plagues, Horror, Madnesse, and th' Infernall troops
 Of hells Anathemas, the shrieking whoops
 Of damned soules, this present worlds disdain,
 And that worse world to come's eternall pain;
 Our holy *Urban*'s execrable curse,
 Or (if unthought on) any plague be worse,
 Confound these base, these upstart *Lecher*'s tongues,
 That spit such poison, and project these wrongs
 Against our Church.

ROM. 8

A Curse sufficient I hold,
 And lend my tongue your patience, to unfold

ROM. 9

20

Your

Your Catholike Church; & when my words shall end,
 Speake you your pleasure, while mine eares attend :
 Your Church is like a Market, where, for Gold,
 Both Sinnes and Pardons, may be bought and sold :
 It is a Jugglers shop, whose Master shewes
 Fine tricks at Fast and Loose, with Oathes and vowes :
 It is Mill, wherein, the Laity grind,
 For the fat Clergy, being still kept blind :
 It is a Schoole, whose Schollers, ill directed,
 Are once a yeare, by their own hands corrected :
 It is a Magazine, wherein are lai'd
 More choice of Scriptures, then their Maker made :
 It is a Church, depraves the Text, and then,
 Pins the Authority on the sleeves of men :
 It is a slaughter-house, where Butchers bring
 All sorts of men ; and now and then, a King :
 It is a sort of people, doe unthrone
 The living God, and deifie a stone :
 It is a Woman, that in youth, has bin
 A Whore, and now in age, a Baud to sin :
 It damnes poore Infants, to eternall fire,
 For want of what they liv'd not to desire :
 It dare assure us sound before the Cure,
 And bids despaire, where we should most assure :
 It leads poore Women captive, does contrary
 The lawful use of Meats ; forbids to marry.

JUD.

Hold, Champions, hold, 'Tis needlesse to renew
 Your fight; The day grows hot, as well as you :
 It is against the course of Martiall Lawes
 To deal a blow in a decided Cause :

blooms

O 3

Sheath

Sheath up your sanguine blades; These wars have cost
 Much blood and sweat: The field is won and lost;
 And we adjudge the Palms triumphant Bow
 Of Conquest to renown'd *Orthodoxy* brow;
 And, with our shrill-mouth'd Trumpet we proclaim
 Eternal honour to his honour'd name,
 Who shall be styl'd, to his perpetuall prayse,
 Truths faithfull Champion till the last of dayes:
 Queen truth shall prosper, when her Pleader fails:
 Great is the Truth, and that great Truth prevails.

EGLOGVE X.

{ *Orthodoxus.* }
 { *Catholicus.* }
 { *Nuncius.* }

W Hat news, *Catholicus*? You lately came
 From the great City: what's the voice of Fame?

CATH.

The greatest part of what my sense receives,
 Is the least part of what my Faith believes:
 I search for none: If ought, perchance, I hear
 Unask'd, it often dies within my care;

Untold;

Untold; What this man, or what that man saith,
Can hardly make a Packhorse on my Faith:
But, now I think on't; There's great talke about
A strange predictions Star, long since, found out,
By learned *Ticho-brachy*, whose portents
Reach to these Times, they say, and telst ch'events
Of strange adventures, whose successe shall bring
Illustrious fame, to a Victorious King,
Born in Northern parts; whose glorious arme
Shall draw a sword; a sword that shall be warm
With Austrian blood, and whose loud beaten drum
Shall send beyond the walls of Christendome,
Her royall conquering Marches, to controule
(Even from the Arick, to th' Antarrick pole)
The spawn of Antichrist, and to engore
Those Bald-pate Panders of proud Babels Whore:

ORT. H. *Orthodox*
May these portents be sure, as they are great,
And may that drum ne're sound her faint retreat,
Till these things take effect: But tell me, Swaine,
How hap't this lucky Cometto remaine
So long in silence, and, at length, to blaze
With us, and be the rumor of our daies?

CATH. *Catholick*
There is a Prince, new risen from the North,
Of mighty spirit and renowned worth;
Prudent and pious; for heroick deeds,
At least a *Cæsar*, in whose heart, the seeds
Of true religion were so timely sown,
That they are sprung to height, and he is grown

The

The wonder of his daies; whose louder name
 Has blast enough to split the Trump of Fame:
 Hast thou beheld the heavens greater eye,
 Maskt in a swarthy cloud, how, by and by,
 It breaketh forth; and, with his glorious ray,
 Gives glory to the discontented day?
 So this illustrious Prince, scarce nam'd among
 The rank of common Princes, bravely sprung
 From his dark Throne; and with his brighter story
 Hast soil'd the lustre of preceding glory:
 This is that Man, on whom the common eye
 Is turn'd; on his adventure does relye
 The worlds discourse; this is that flame of fire
 We hope shall burn (we hope as we desire)
 Proud *Babel*: this, the arme that shall unhenge
 Th'incestuous gates of *Sodom*; and revenge
 The blood of blessed Martyrs spilt, and fryng
 In flames; (blood, that has been this age a crying
 For slow-pac'd vengeance) this is he, whose Throne
 This blazing Prophet bent his eye upon:

O R T H

And well it may; The kalender, whereby
 We rurall Shepherds calculate, and forespy
 Things future, Good or Evil, hath late descry'd
 That evill affected planet *Mars* ally'd
 To temporising *Mercury*, conjoyn'd
 I'th house of Death; whereby we Shepherds find
 Strange showres of blood, arising from the North,
 And flying Southward; likely to breake forth
 Vpon the Austrian parts, and raise a flood,
 To overwhelm that bloody House, with Blood:

That

That House; which like a Sun in this our Orbe,
Whiffes up the Belgick fumes, and does absorbe
For every Soile rich vapours, and exhale
From Sea or Land, within our Christian pale;
A Sun, the beames of whose Meridian glory
Fill eyes with wonder, and all tongues with story.

CATH.

But ther's a Viall to be emptyed out
Vpon this glorious Planet; which, no doubt,
Thine eye and mine shall see, within these few
Approching days; (if Shepheards signes be true)
No doubt, the lingring times are sliding on,
Wherein, this House shall flame, and this bright Sun
Shall lose his light, shall lose his light, and never
Shine more, but be eclips'd, eclips'd for ever:
O Shepheard, If the prayers of many a Swain
Have audience, and our hopes be not in vain,
This is that Prince, whose conqu'ring Drum shall bear
Through the proud streets of Room, and shall unseat
The Man of sin; and, with his sword unthrone
The Beast, and trample on his triple Crown:
This is that Angel, whose full hand does grasp
That threatned Viall, and whose fingers clasp
This flaming *Fauchin*, which shall hew and burn
The limbs of Antichrist, and nere return
Into his quiet sheath, till that proud Whore,
That perks so high, lye groveling on the Flore.

ORTH.

Shepheard, Me thinks, when my glad ears attends
Vpon his fair successe, his Actions, Ends,

P

His

His Valour, Wisedome, Piety, when I scan
 All this, me thinks, I think on more then Man:
 O, how my soule lies down before the feet
 Of this brave Prince! O, how my blessings greet
 Each obvious action, whose loud breath I dare
 Not hear, unprosper'd with my better pray'r:
 I must forget the peace of *Sion*, when
 I cease to honour this brave Man of men:
 Had *Plutarch* liv'd till now, to blazon forth
 His life, (as sure he would) what Prince of worth,
 Or Greek, or Roman, had his single story
 Selected out to parallel his Glory:

O Shepherd, he, whose service is employ'd
 In heavens high battels, can doe nothing void
 Of fame, and wonder, nothing, lesse then glorious:
 Heavens Champion must prevail, must be victorious:
 But, O, what hap! what happinesse have wee,
 The last, and dregs of Ages, thus to see
 These hopefull Times, nay more, to sit beneath
 Beneath our quiet Vines, and think of death
 By leaseure, when Spring-tides of blood o'rewhelmes
 The interrupted peace of forain Realms:
 Our painfull Oxen plough our peacefull grounds;
 Our quiet streets ne're startle at the sounds
 Of Drums or Trumpets, neither Wolf, nor Fox
 Disturb the Folds of our encreasing Flocks:
 Our Kids, and sweet-fac'd Lambs can frisk, and feed
 In our fresh Pastures, whilst our Oaten Reed
 Can breath her merry straines, and voice can sing
 Her frolick Pasturals to our Shepherd-King.

ORTH.

'Tis not for our deserts; or that our ways
 Are more upright, then theirs of former days:
 We lay the *Pelion* of our new Transgressions
 Upon our Fathers *Offa*: The Confessions
 Of our offences; nay, our very pray'rs
 Are more corrupt then the worst sins of theirs:
 Sure, *Swain*, the streams of Mercy run more clear
 Then they were wont, Her smiling eyes appear
 More gracious now, in these our Borean climes,
 Then other Nations, or in former times.

CATH.

Shepherd, Perchance, some fifty righteous men,
 Perchance, but thirty, Peradventure, ten
 Have made our peace: Perchance, sh' Almighty's care
 Has found a *Moses*, or some *Phineas*, here.

ORTH.

Vengeance, that threatned sinfull *Israels* crime,
 For *Dauids* sake, ne're stir'd all *Dauids* time:
 'Twas *Dauids* piety did suspend the blow
 Of Vengeance: Have not we a *David* too? (scatter;
 A Prince, whose worth, what our poor tongues can
 May rather wrong for want of height, then flatter;
 A pious Prince, whose very Actions preach
 Rare Doctrines; does, what others doe but reach:
 A Prince, whom neither flames of youth can fire,
 Nor beauty adde the least of his desire;
 Whose eyes are like the eyes to *Turtles*, chaste,
 Can view ten thousand dainties, and yet cast
 But one, but in that dainty, can digest

P 2

The

The perfect Quintessence of all the rest:
A Prince, that (briefly to characterize him)
Wants nothing, but a People how to prize him.
Evill Princes, oft, draw plagues upon the Times,
Whereas good Princes salve their peoples Crimes.

CATH.
Thou hast not spoken many things, but much;
Such is our People, and our Prince is such:
Such fierce temptations still attend upon
The glitt'ring Pompe of the Imperiall Throne;
I, either wonder Princes should be good,
Or else conceive them not of Flesh and Blood:
What change of pleasure can his soul command;
And nor obtain, being Lord of all the Land?
What bold? what ventrous spirit dares enquire
Into the lawfulness of his desire?
What Crown-controlling *Nathan* dare begin
To question Vice? or call his sin, a sin?
Who is't, that will not undertake to be
His sins Attourney? Nay, what man is he
That will not temporize, and fan the fire
To increase the flames of his unblown desire?
What place may not be secret? or what eye
Dare (under pain of putting out) once pry
Into his Closet? or what season will
Not wait upon his pleasure, to fulfill
His royall lust? what chaste *Sophrania* would
Wound her own heart, for feare her Sovrain should?
O Shepherd, what a Prince have we, that can
Continue just, and yet continue Man!
No doubt, but vengeance would confound these times;
Were

Were not his goodnesse far above our crimes :
 Alas, Our happy Age (that has enjoy'd
 The best, the best of Princes, and is cloy'd
 With prosp'rous plenty, and the sweet increase
 Of right-hand blessings) in this glut of peace,
 Loaths very Quails and Manna, we are strangers
 To those hard evils, to those continuall dangers
 That cleave to States, wherein poore subjects grone
 Beneath the Vices of th'Imperiall Throne :
 They cannot prize good Princes, that nere had
 The too too deare experience of a bad :
 Who knowes not *Pharoh* ? Or the plagues, that brake
 Upon the people for hard *Pharohs* sake ?

ORTH.

The Acts of Princes mount with Eagle wings ;
 Few know th'alliance between God and Kings.

CATH.

Look, Shepherd, look ! Whose hasty feet are they ?
 That trace the Plains so quick ? they bend this way.

ORTH.

His steps divide apace ; Pray God, his hast
 Be good : Good tidings feldome come so fast.

CATH.

I think 'tis *Nuncius*.

ORTH.

Nuncius never uses

To come unnews'd.

CATH.

I wonder what the news is ?

ORTH.

See, how he strikes his breast !

CATH.

Good Lord, how sad
His countenance seems !

ORTH.

What, *Nuncios*, good or bad ?

NUN.

Bad ! worse ! the worst of worsts ! the heaviest news
 That lips e'er broach'd, or language can diffuse !
 O, earth's bright Sun's eclips'd ! Ah me ! is drench'd
 In blood ! His flames are quench'd, for ever quench'd :
 That light, which wond'ring Shepherds did adore,
 Is out ; will never shine on Shepherds more :
 Expect no Sunshine from the beams of *Suede* ;
Suede, the glory of the world, is dead :
 Our strength is broke, and all our hopes are vain ;
Suede, the glory of the world is slain :
 Our Sun is set, and earth now wants a Sun ;
Suede, the glory of the earth is gone :
 Gone, gone for ever to eternal night ;
 Earth wants her *Suede* ; and the world, her light,

CATH.

Fond hopes ! why damp ye not my dull belief,
 To lend a little respite to my grief ?
 What ailes my passion to beleave so soon
 The Evill it feares ? Can *Phebus*, in the noon
 Of his Meridian glory, cease to shine,
 Before his Solstice leaves him to decline
 The least degree ? Can brave *Adolphus* fall,
 And heaven not give us warning ? none at all :

There

There was no Comet blaz'd: no apparition
 Of kindled Meteors, lent the least suspicion:
 Me thinks, the heavens should flame, and earths fount-
 Should shake against so great an alteration.

ORT H.

But is it certain, *Nuncios*?

NUN.

I, too sure:
 The wounds of death admit no hopes of cure.

ORT H.

God knows his own designs: His sacred brest
 Knows where to propagate his glory best:
 His hidden ways agree not with our eyes:
 His wars must prosper, though his Champion dyes:
 We must not question Fate: where heaven thinks fit
 To doe, we must be silent, and submit:
 We must not look too near; we must not pry;
 Perhaps, young *Joshuah* lives, though *Moses* dye:
 Give *Suede* his honour, and enroll his name
 Among the Worthies, in the book of Fame:
 Give him the honour of his double Rory,
 Begun in Grace, and perfected in Glory:
 But let our fond indulgence be adviz'd,
 In hon'ring *Sueden*, heaven be not dispriz'd:
 We must not languish, in a morall thirst,
 T'advance the second cause, and sleight the first,
 We must not droop, for want of *Suedes* alarm,
 As if that heaven were bound to *Suedens* arm:
 That God, that hath recall'd our *Sueden*, can
 Make a new *Sueden* of a common Man.

CATH.

CATH.
 But see ! The drooping day begins to do'n
 His mourning weeds ; The fullen night draws on :
 'Tis time to fold our sheep ; They little know,
 Or feel those sorrows, their poor Shepherds do :
 Shepherds, farewell ; Perchance the morrow light
 May shine forth better news :

ORTH.

God night.

NUN.

God night.

FINIS.

EGLOGVE XI.

{ *Philarchus.* }

{ *Philortus.* }

{ *Anarchus.* }

PHILOR.

Shepherd, ah Shepherd, what sad dayes have wee
 (More sad then these sad dayes) surviv'd to see !
 How is the guilt of our forefathers crimes,
 Reveng'd on us in these distracted times !
 How is the Shepherds honour that while ere
 Shone like the morning Star; and did appeare
 To all the world, like *Heralds* to make known
 Th' approaching Glory of the rising *Sun* !
 How is that honour dim ! how is her light
 Clouded in shades of Ignorance and night !
 How is our calling slighted, and that power
 Our Master lent us threatned every hower !
 How are our worried Names become the scorn
 Of every base Mechanick ! rent and torn
 In every vulgar mouth : reprocht and made

Delin-

Delinquents judg'd by every triviall Trade !
 How are our persons scorn'd, contemn'd, revil'd,
 Nay, even by him, whose schoole-instructed child
 Jeers at his ignorance, and oft by him,
 Whose sinking fortunes teaches how to swim
 With zealous Bladders, being apt to steale
 Advantage from the times, and trade in zeale !
 How are we growne the By-word of the land,
 Commanded now, where late we did command !
 Prest like a Vintage, banded like a Ball !
 Despis'd of many, and dispris'd of all !

PHILOR.

True my *Philarchus* ; Shepherds never found
 So hard a time, Ah, fortune never frown'd
 So sterne till now ; Presumptuous Ignorance
 Had nere till now the boldnesse to advance
 Her beetle browes, or once to tread the Stage
 Of this blest Island in so bright an Age.
 But ah ! when Lights grow dim and dull, what hand
 Can keep out darkenesse ? who can countermand
 The melancholy shades of ugly night. (want light)
 When heaven wants Lamps, or when those Lamps
 Come Shepherd, come, (here's none but Thee and I)
 We taxe the Times, but could the Times reply
 They'd vindicate their evils, and lay their crimes
 On us poore Shepherds that thus taxe the Times
 Had wee burnt bright, had our refulgent Rayes
 Given lustre to the world, and fill'd our dayes
 With glorious brightnesse, how had darknesse found
 A place for entrance ? where could shadows ground
 Their

Their avery errands? or what soule could taint? (plaint?
 Our Sun-bright names? what evill could cause com-
 How blest! how more then blest, had Shepherds been,
 Had Shepherds been so happy to have seen
 But their owne happinesse; Had but the waxen wings
 Of their ambitious thoughts not aym'd at things
 Beyond their pitch; Had they been wise to move
 In their own Orbes, and not like *Phaeton* rove
 Through the wide Labyrinth of th' Olympick tower,
 And search'd the secrets of too vast a power,
 Their Glory had not found so short a Date,
 Nor caus'd combustion in so calme a State.

P H I L A R.

Admit all this *Philorthus*, (for who can
 Consider frailty, and not thinke of Man?)
 Shall some few staines in the full Lampe of night
 Cry downe the Moone, and wooe the Stars for light?
 What if thy too neglected Soile abound (ground?
 With noysome Weeds? wilt thou disclaime the
 Or wouldst thou dry the earths full brest, that feeds
 Thy fragrant *Flowers*, because it fosters Weeds?
 Ah my *Philorthus*, thus the case now stands
 With us poor Swaines; The power of our hands
 Entrusted there by our all-wise God *Pan*,
 (To whom the frailties of collapsed Man
 Was knowne too well) for some disorders growne
 Amongus Swaines is cry'd, is voted downe;
 And that fair Livelyhood that late maintain'd
 Those love-preserving Festivals which chain'd
 Our mutuall hearts in links of love; which clad

The naked Orphan, and reliev'd the sad
 Afflicted widow, and releas'd the bands
 Of the lean Prisoner grip'd with the hard hands
 Of his too just oppressor; this they say
 Is to be shortned, if not snatcht away.

PHILOR.

Ah, gentle Shepherd, heaven, ah, heavens forefend,
 Those Tydes should ebb that flow to such an end;
 But some we fear bin more corrupt then so;
 They'r two things, what they should, & what they do.

PHILAR.

True my *Philorthus*, some lewd Swains there bee
 That have more Bags then Bowels, that can see
 Pale misery panning at their Lordly gates,
 Answered with Statutes, and repulsive Rates,
 Whose hard, whose Adamantine care can brooke
 The sad *Complaints* of those (who cannot look
 Beyond the Prospect of consuming Griefe)
 Without Remorse at all, without Relief,
 Whose wanton *tables*, deckt with costly fare,
 Pamper their idle bodies, and prepare
 Oyl for their lust; whose craving thoughts, made poore
 With too much wealth, condemn themselves to more;
 And such they be *Philorthus* whose lewd fames
 And lives have poyson'd the illustrious names
 Of reverend Shepherds, whose ambitious pride
 Hath brought contempt, and made the world deride
 What late it honour'd, now disdain'd, abhord

By

By whom they were as much, ere while, ador'd.
 Ah Shepherd, these are they whose vain ambition
 Made us sad Partners in the worlds derision;
 But that which wounds my soule beyond redresse,
 And aggraves my grief above excess,
 Those *Past'ral* staves wherewith those reverend Sages
 Of former times have rul'd so many ages,
 And by a settled Government, exil'd
 Confus'd disorder, the prodigious Child
 Of seditious *Anarchie*, Those Rods of power
 That rul'd our Swaines by day, and did secure
 Their folds by night, are threatned from our hands,
 And all our Flocks to bow to new Commands.

PHILOR.

It cannot be, the great Assembly's wife;
 Has many Heads, and twice as many Eyes,
 Eyes bright as day, that view both things and times,
 Fast clos'd to persons, open to their crimes:
 Judgement; not Fancy moves in that bright Sphere;
 There are no Ends, no by-Respects are there:
 The care of Truth, and zeale of publique Rest
 Rests in their restless, their united breast:
 Heav'n be their Guide, and may their pains encrease
 Heav'n's glory, and this glorious Islands peace;
 Ah, thinkst thou Shepherd, their heav'n-guided heart
 Will venture to decline his ways, or start
 From Heav'n's Example? Heaven was pleas'd to beare
 With very *Sodom*, had but ten been there
 That had been righteous; loath to mixe the blood
 Of guilty thousands, with some few of good:

No question, Shepherd, but the enormous crimes
 Of our Profession, heightened with the times,
 Are foule enough; nor could such Actions lye
 Conceal'd and clo'sd before so cleare an Eye;
 And being seene, how could they choose but grate
 The groaning Feoffees of our tortering State?
 How could our growing greatnesse choose but blow
 And quicken up their zealous flames? or how
 Could our untam'd Ambktion hope to stand
 Against the power of so great a hand?
 But they are just and wise, and wisdom still
 Shews rather what it can then what it will.
 When publick Justice threatens, it propounds
 Way for amendment, rather then confounds:
 And far lesse cost and dammage will ensue
 To weed old Gardens, then to dig a new.

PHILAR.

True, Shepherd, But they plead for want of dressing
 Our Garden's forfeited, and they are pressing
 Hard for Reentry; They have seal'd a Deed
 Vpon the ground, intending to proceed
 Next Terme t' Ejectment, by which means they'll stand
 Anew posselt and re-enjoy the Land.

PHILOR.

Shepherd, we hold in Terme from great god Pan;
 His Counsell drew the Leale; If wiser Man
 Can find a flaw, our weaknesse must appeale
 To Pan's Vicegerent; He will vouch the scale

Faire

Faire and authentick: If the Common Lawes
 Condemne our Right, by vertue of that Clause
 Of heedlesse Forfeiture, O then we fly
 To be reliev'd in the high *Chancery*,
 That uncorrupted Court that now does rest
 In the great Chamber of the Assemblies brest:
 There's Judgement there, which idle heaps of gold
 Despaires to bribe, and Consciencethere unfold:
 Poore Shepherds, there, shall find as faire access,
 As Peers, as Princes, and as just redresse.

PHILAR.

Heav'n be our great Protection, and close
 Their suits-attending ears against all those,
 Whom rayling Ignorance and frantick Zeale
 Hath onely taught the way to say, and seale,
 And set their marks, not haying skill to shape
 A Letter; or, without a Lye, to scape
 The danger of *Non legit*, whose profession
 Is only to scorne *Lambeth*, and discretion:
 These be fit men, *Philarchus*, to descend
 Into these Lists, sweet Champions to contend
 About these Myst'ries, likely to confound
 Those famous Worthies that have searcht the ground
 Of sage Antiquity; wherein of old,
 The Government was wrapt, and still enroll'd.

PHILOR.

Come Shepherd, come; our great Assemblies wife,
 And for a while, in policy complies

bna

With

With the rude Multitude, who must have day,
 To breath their humors, which would else break way,
 Like earth-imprisoned Aire, whose sudden birth
 Startles the world, and shakes the shivering earth:
 It is the nature of the vulgar brest
 Still to mislike and count that *state* the best
 Which they enjoy not; Pleas'd with Novelties,
 They grow impatient of the old, and prize
 What's next in hope; more happy in expectation
 Then when possesst; all fire to Alteration:
 But Shepherd know, our grave Assembly pryces,
 Where they ne're view'd, and looks with clearer eyes;
 Their wisdoms know, what *sudden* Change portends:
 Things rash begun, too oft in danger ends;
 But unavoided ruine daily waites
 On sudden change of fundamentall States.

PHILAR.

I, but *Philorthus*, whilst the State complies
 With the tumultuous Vulgar, tumults rise,
 And rude disorder creeps into our plains,
 Swaines will be Shepherds, Coblers will be Swaines;
 Flocks are d'sturb'd, and pastures are defac'd,
 Swaines are despis'd, and Shepherds are disgrac'd,
 Orders are laught to scorn; and, in conclusion,
 Our Kingdome's turn'd a *Chaos* of confusion.

PHILOR.

Why Shepherd, there's the *Flor*: the surest way
 To take the Fish, is give her leave to play,

And

And yeeld her Line ; He best can cure the cause
 That marks th'effect ; *Evill manners breed good Laws :*
 The wise Assembly knowing well the length
 Of the rude popular foot, with what a strength
 The vulgar fancy still pursues the toy
 That's last presented, leaves them to enjoy
 Their uncontrolled wils, untill they tire
 And quickly surfeit on their own desire,
 Whole wild disorders secretly confesse
 Needfull support of what they'd most suppress:
 But who comes here ? *Anarchus ?*

PHILAR.

'Tis the same.

PHILOR.

How like a Meteor made of zeale and flame
 The man appears ?

PHILAR.

Or like a blazing Star,
 Portending change of State, or some sad War ;
 Or death of some good Prince.

PHILOR.

He is the trouble
 Of three sad Kingdomes.

PHILAR.

Even the very Bubble,
 The froth of troubled waters.

PHILOR.

Hee's a Page

Fill'd with Errata's of the present Age.

R

PHIL.

PHILAR.
The Churches Scurge;

PHILOR.
The devils Enchiridion.

PHILAR.
The Squib, the *Ignis fatuus* of Religion;
But hee's at hand: *Anarchus* whags the newes?

PHILOR.
In a Browne studie?

PHILAR.
Speechlesse?

PHILOR.
In a Muse?

ANAR.

Man, if thou be'st a Babe of Grace,

And of an holy Seed,

I will reply incontinents,

And in my words proceed;

But if thou art a Child of wrath,

And lewd in conversation,

I will not then converse with thee,

Nor hold communication.

PHILOR.

I trust *Anarchus*, we call shreds in her

The

The selfe same gifts, and share the selfe same Spirit.

A N A R.

Know then my brethren, heav'n is cleare,
And all the Clouds are gone;
The Righteous now shall flourish, and
Good daies are comming on;
Come then, my Brethren, and be glad,
And eke rejoyce with me;
Lawn Sleeves and Rochets shall goe down,
And, hey! then up goe we.

Wee'l break the windows which the Whore
Of Babylon hath painted,
And when the Popish Saints are down,
Then Barow shall be Sainted;
There's neither Crosse nor Crucifixe
Shall stand for men to see,
Romes trash and tramp'ries shall goe downe,
And, hey! then up goe we.

What ere the Popish hands have built
Our Hammers shall undoe;
Wee'l broake their Pipes and burn their Copes,
And pull downe Churches too:
Wee'l exercise within the Groves,
And teach beneath a Tree;
Wee'l make a Pulpit of a Cart,
And, hey! then up goe we.

Wee'l down with all the Varities,
Where Learning is profest,
Because they practise and maintain
The language of the Beast:
Wee'l drive the Doctors out of doores,
And Arts what ere they be,
Wee'l cry both Arts, and Learning down,
And, hey! then up goe we.

Wee'l down with Deans and Prebends too,
But I rejoyce to tell ye,
How then we will eat Pig our fill,
And Capon by the belly:
Wee'l burn the Fathers witty Tomes,
And make the Schoole-men flee,
Wee'l down with all that smells of wit,
And, hey! then up goe we.

If once that Antichristian crew
Be crusht and overthrow,
Wee'l teach the Nobles how to crouch,
And keep the Gentry down,
Good manners have an evill report,
And turn to pride we see,
Wee'l therefore cry good manners down,
And, hey! then up goe we.

The name of Lord shall be abhor'd,
For every man's a brother,
No reason why in Church or State,
One man should rule another:
But when the change of Government
Shall set our fingers free,

Wee'l

Wee'l make the wanton Sisters stoop,
 And, hey! then up goe we.
 Our Coblers shall translate their soules
 From Caves obscure and shady,
 Wee'l make Tom T ——— as good as my Lord,
 And Joan as good as my Lady.
 Wee'l crush and sling the marriage Ring
 Into the Romane See;
 Wee'l ask no bans, but even clap hands;
 And, hey! then up goe we.

PHILAR.

Heaven keep such Vermin hence; If sinfull dust
 May boldly chuse a punishment, and trust
 Their own desires, let Famine, Plague or Sword,
 A treacherous friend, or (what is more abhor'd)
 A foolish-fair contentious wife, first seise
 On our sad soules, then such wilde beasts as these:

ANAL.

Surely thou art an Hypocrite,
 A lewd false hearted Brother;
 I find thou art a Childe of Rome,
 And smell the whore thy Mother.

PHILOR.

Away false Varlet, come not neare my flocks;
 Thou taint'st my pastures, Neither Wolfe nor Fox

Is halfe so furious, they, by stealth, can prey,
 Perchance, upon a Lamb, and so away,
 But thy blood-thirsty malice is so bold,
 Before my face to poison all my fold:
 I warn thee hence, come not within my list;
 Be still, what thou art thought, a Separatist.

Answer.

Thou art a spawn of Asa's brist,
And so is this thy Brother;

Thou art a man of Belial,
And he is such another:

I say thou art a Priest of Baal,
And surely I desire thee,

To Satan I will leave thy soul,
And never more come nigh thee.

Prayer.

A gentle riddance: O may never crosse
 Fall heavier on this Land, then such a losse!

Prayer.

But think'st thou Swain, the great Assemblies eye
 Beholds not these base Sycophants that lye
 Close gnawing at the root, as well as those,
 That with the Romish axe, strike down right blows
 On the main Body of Religions tree:
 Think'st thou their sharp ey'd Providence can see
 The Chamber Councils, and the close designs

Of

Of forain Princes, and their secret Mines
 Of State Invention? Can their wisdoms come
 Through all the world, and yet be blind at home?
 No, no; *Philarchus*, the Assemblies hand
 Feels but, as yet, the *Pulses* of the Land,
 Seeks out the ev'ill; and, with a skilfull eye,
 Enquires where the peccant humours lye;
 But when th'apparent Symptomes shall disclose
 The certain griefs that vex and discompose
 Our univerfall Body; then, no doubt,
 Their active wisdoms soon will cast about,
 To make a glorious Cure, which shall enhance
 Heav'ns greater glory, settle and advance
 The rest of groaning *Sion*, to th'encrease
 Of their own honour, and *great Britains* peace.

PHILAR.

My bended knee shall never rise till then.

PHILOR.

Heav'n neer shall rest, till Heav'n shall say *Amen*.

FINIS.